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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer—Ref. Dutch.

OUR readers know very well that this journal has never exhibited any large measure of approbative sympathy for the special type of abolitionism advocated by Dr. Cheever and the school of religionists to which he belongs. While we regard slavery as an evil to be mitigated and eventually eradicated by the normal operation of evangelical, and, to a degree, by political, social and commercial agencies as well, yet our convictions have been strengthened and confirmed by every new development of the abolition spirit among us that its influence is evil, and only evil. It has crazed its advocates, demoralized communities, generated strife among brethren, disrupted churches and societies, alienated States, perverted the gospel of peace into a vituperative diatribe of malignant accusations, fostered fanaticism, Pharisaism and supercilious bigotry, without attaining to one single beneficial result in behalf of the slave. The fruits of abolitionism are all evil; and yet for many engaged in the promulgation of its doctrines we can exercise both charity and respect. When they have given proof of their sincerity, honesty and purity of motive, though we may lament over their errors, we can do no otherwise than respect their fatal courage and their forlorn fortitude.

Therefore, while we utterly reject the inflammatory doctrines which Dr. Cheever and others have fiercely urged upon public attention, we must, in the name of charity, of honesty and of fair dealing, protest against the unhandsome and selfish manner in which sundry of the abolition papers are now berating him. In the midst of his busy preparations, and on the very eve of his departure for Europe, he was assailed in *The Independent* with a bitterness of subtle malice which must have surprised the general public far more than it has those who understand the private relations of Dr. Cheever and his editorial accuser. So far as the grounds of accusation are concerned, they may be, and we believe they are rightly and truthfully stated; and we can understand very well why this paper, *The New York Observer*, and others holding our views of Christian duty, should take exceptions to Dr. Cheever's mode of preaching, and to his method of nursing troubles in the Church of the Puritans. But we can see no honest reason sufficient to justify *The Independent* and other abolition papers in their concerted effort to make Dr. Cheever *a mere scapegoat* for public obloquy.

It must be plain to a discerning public, that Dr. Cheever, among the new lights of Congregationalism, deserves to be regarded as the chief apostle of that style of anti-slavery reform which has been urged by the radical school in the Congregational Church, of which *The Independent* is the organ and oracle. He among them all has been most honest, most logical, most courageous. He has carried their principles to their necessary and legitimate conclusions. He has preached abolitionism until it became treasonable, it is true. He has boasted of his conscientious devotion to principles abhorrent to common sense, but with the tacit consent and complicity of his editorial colaborers. He has received congratulatory addresses for his anti-slavery services from the lips of those whose pens are now dipped in gall to write disparaging articles against him, for foreign and domestic circulation; and the reason of this unfraternal onslaught seems to be a compound of personal envy and of prudential expediency—of personal envy, because Dr. Cheever is likely to be received by British intermeddlers and philanthropists as the great representative of American abolitionism; of prudential expediency, because at home Dr. Cheever's sentiments are unpopular and unprofitable, in a pecuniary point of view.

Now, if abolitionism is right, Dr. Cheever is right. If abolitionism is Christianity, Dr. Cheever preaches it with more directness and fidelity than any of his clerical compeers. If abolitionism is a principle, instead of a mercantile commodity, then Dr. Cheever has stood up for the principle, regardless of mercenary ends, and he ought to be saluted, and cheered, and encouraged by those who have driven the negro question into Tract Societies, and Missionary Societies, and Christian Associations, and have studied to acquire popularity among the simple by pretending to be the especial friends of the slave. But instead of receiving an honest support from the abolition organ of his branch of Congregationalism, he is solemnly dedicated as a *scapegoat* for the iniquities of his associates, and is dismissed to his mendicant mission with a kick *a tergo*. On our side of the house, such treatment appears to be unseemly. Only a few months since, Dr. Tyng felicitated himself upon the privilege he enjoyed in speaking from the pulpit of such a man as Dr. Cheever. Two years ago, Drs. Thompson, Bacon and Cheever were sweating with mutual anxiety and sympathetic toil, in a private conclave, to devise a way to abolitionize an evangelical institution.

> "They have been friends together
> In sunshine and in shade."

And sure we are that Dr. Cheever has committed no grosser sin than may be charged upon him in having fearlessly, unselfishly and absurdly pushed abolitionism to its logical conclusions. If he has disquieted his Church, they, his friends and associates, have endeavored to keep peace in their own borders, while they have sown the seeds of discord abroad. If he has attacked ministers, denominations and the civil authorities, they have done the same thing, but with a keener eye to profit.

However the attitude and position of Dr. Cheever may be contemplated, he has, we think, earned for himself the right to be considered the most honest, the most fearless, the most persistent champion of abolitionism among his associates in the ministry in this city. If his style has been vindictive, his spirit fierce, his appeals inflammatory, his ministry turbulent and disorganizing, he can truthfully affirm, "It was not I, but the spirit of abolitionism which dwelleth in me." We insist, therefore, that, both at home and abroad, Dr. Cheever should be hailed as the proudly eminent chief, and the untiring apostle, and the completest representative of the abolition school. As such, *The Independent* may well commend him to British charity, and ask for a testimonial in solid cash, to compensate him for his sacrifices here.

It is very well known that a desire exists among certain Congregational leaders to have Dr. Cheever removed from the pastoral care of the Church of the Puritans, simply because he has cultivated abolitionism until it has brought forth its natural fruits. His honesty and logical consistency have rendered him troublesome to those who wish to preach abolitionism as a successful decoy of popular passion, or print it for the cash it extorts from the pockets of the credulous. Hence it is, that now, when he is absent from the country, "Tray, Blanch, Sweetheart" and all the other occupants of the abolition kennel are let loose upon Dr. Cheever, with the evident purpose of defeating him in his mission abroad and of upsetting him here upon his return. We hope they will fail. For the sake of the public good, we trust that Dr. Cheever will be long continued in the Church of the Puritans, to show forth what the real nature of abolitionism is. He has arrived at a point in progressive philanthropy where he can *do no harm*. His violent doctrines work at once their own cure. But he can *do good*, by letting all men see what is that mystery of iniquity which, in the name of benevolence, is promulgated from pulpit and from press, and whereby so many are enticed into the toils of a plausible error, which impairs the conscience, clouds the judgment and sours the affections of its victims.

Lord Macaulay has somewhere observed, in effect, that about once in seven years the public mind of England became subject to a violent spasm of virtue, and earnestly sought a victim upon whose devoted head the popular indignation might be poured. Surely, such is human nature everywhere, that it is prone to nurse the hypocrisy of virtuous pretension, by a liberal bestowment of censure where censure may be regarded as a cheap method of asserting one's own innocence. Under the operation of this law, Dr. Cheever is now held up to opprobrium by the very men who have helped to make him what he is; and he is censured for doing that very thing which they are prosecuting as a regular trade. Certainly there ought to be a little semblance, at least, of honor, even among Abolitionists; and Dr. Cheever is, of all other men of his school, most entitled to whatever benefits such honor can confer.

THE TWO MASSACHUSETTS SENATORS.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

IN contrast with the magnificent oration of Edward Everett, filled with generous and patriotic sentiments, on the Fourth of July, at Boston, is that of Senator Henry Wilson, of the same State, delivered on the same day at Abington. There was a great gathering of Abolitionists there on that occasion. Among them were Lloyd Garrison, who denounces the Constitution, in its recognition and protection of slavery, to be "an agreement with death and a covenant with hell;" Fred. Douglass, the blatant negro, who fled from the investigations into the Harper's Ferry insurrection, but returns to help the election of Lincoln; Sanborn, who tried to make himself a Republican hero by defying and resisting the United States Marshal, who wanted him for a witness, and others of the same class of flagitious agitators. These fanatics made speeches on slavery as the one topic. The "negro Fred." proclaimed that, in view of the triumphs of slavery in America, the Fourth of July should rather be cursed than blessed. The nation had proved false to the noble deeds and examples of the fathers, and "the fathers themselves, in the moment of triumph, forgot their own starting point," by a compromise with slavery. Sanborn likened John Brown to Garibaldi, except that "John Brown had a nobler character and a grander aim." He proclaimed the only salvation for the country to be "the abolition of slavery." He was good enough to say that he did not expect this to be immediate, but "in such due season as prudence may demand." But the prudence has exclusive reference to the chances of success, for he adds, "by insurrection, by purchase, by any means let slavery be terminated, or we are ruined."

To these men Senator Wilson rose to express respect and admiration, recommended Lincoln to them as faithful to the anti-slavery cause and devoted to it, declared himself to be enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, solely, and to the exclusion of all other issues. He adds:

> "I will say that I have been an anti-slavery man since 1836. It is all the politics I have known. To carry out those views I have acted both with and against all parties, just wherever I could strike the hardest blow against slavery and its power; and so far as the Republican party carries the flag of opposition to slavery, I am with it; and when it throws by the flag, I shall leave the party, and go on, as I have from other parties."

And he vaunts his progress thus:

> "The anti-slavery movement was begun twenty-five years ago, amid opposition and persecution, by a despised few. To-day the country is torn by the irrepressible conflict, and men beyond Mason and Dixon's line are coming to aid the cause. It takes time to accomplish the noblest objects. The sentiments of a great nation are not to be changed in a day nor an hour. The cause is going onward, and through and over parties. We are marching on to certain success."

In such company, with such furious sectionalists, the revilers of the Constitution, the haters of the act of Independence, preachers of insurrection and sedition, this Senator of Massachusetts spent his Fourth of July.

The other Massachusetts Senator, the notorious Sumner, made the exhibition of his venomous hatred of Southern men and institutions one week later, at the Cooper Institute, New York. He was invited by a Republican association of young men to give them a Lincoln speech. Great preparations were made to gather an audience. A charge of twenty-five cents per head was made for admission, and the net proceeds are to be devoted to the circulation of the speech as a campaign document, for the Lincoln canvass. The speech shows the position of the speaker; the endorsement of him, in advance, with all his antecedents, as the most furious of the Northern haters of the South, and the proclaimed uses, for the advancement of Mr. Lincoln's election, of what the association knew he was about to utter before them, make it a test of the popular ideas of the party against which the more prudent of them protest in vain, as not speaking their sentiments.

It is a reproduction of the bitter anathemas against the men and the institutions of the Southern States, as he lately uttered them in the Senate. It is occupied, as that was, with a malignant attack upon slaveholding and slaveholders. They are denounced with the same spirit of intense and undying hatred. Slavery is again arrayed as "offensive to civilization, hostile to law itself, by virtue of which it pretends to live, insulting to humanity, shocking to decency, and utterly heedless of all rights, forms and observances in the maintenance of its wicked power."

In his descant upon the unequalled horrors of slavery, this Senator charged before the New York Republicans that "the roasting of slaves, alive, at the stake" has become "part of the customary law of slavery"! And this is deliberately sent out as a Republican plea in behalf of Lincoln!

It is sometimes falsely urged, among some Northern journals, who are afraid of the company in which they find themselves, that these are extreme sentiments which find no favor among the discreet friends of Mr. Lincoln. It might possibly be so, and the materiality of that fact would depend very much on the number of "discreet" men in the Republican party, and their influence in its counsels. We turn for some clue to the probable sentiments of the candidate to his home organ, and look to the organ, at his own doors, for an indication of the tone of his sentiments on these questions. *The Press and Tribune*, at Chicago, holds that relation to him and the Republicans of Illinois. On the same 11th of July, *The Press and Tribune* contained a leading article, defining the real nature of the contest in the United States to be this, and this only—

> "Does the Federal Constitution assert or sanction the idea of property in man?"

The idea that the Constitution tolerates or sanctions that doctrine, is pronounced to be a "pernicious heresy," which owes its prominence to the Dred Scott decision, made "by the highest and most corrupt judicial tribunal in the land"! The Lincoln organ proceeds to insist, that the absolute right of every man, without regard to color, to be free, was the central idea of the Revolution, and adds:

> "We warn the people against the endorsement of that Atheism, that one man can own another, and that treason which asserts that such ownership is authorized by the Constitution of our country. They are the beginning of the end of Republican institutions, and they must be met here and now."

Here is a concession in words that sovereign States may justify the condition of slavery within themselves; but how long this concession will be adhered to, is a very doubtful question, in the face of the deadly enmity professed in such terms of revolting hatred. But the Republican orators are urged to present, as the plea of a Republican party, "the eternal fact of the rightfulness and necessity of freedom for all." A Republican victory which does not secure that, would be, in the estimate of this organ of Lincoln, "equivalent to a Republican defeat."

What hinders men of this opinion from rushing at once into Garrisonism? How long will they keep out of that crowd who, by their theories, are alone the true patriots and only honest men in the country?

THE FANATICS AT THEIR ORGIES.—The Helperites, Garrisonites, *et id omne genus*, male and female, black and white, had their usual pow-wow on the 4th in a grove near Boston. Edmund Quincy, the "D. Y." of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and the Mr. "Byles" of *The New York Tribune*, presided; a new black Douglass (neither Fred nor S. A.), Henry Wilson, a United States Senator of Massachusetts (to his shame be it spoken), and Abby Kelley Foster, were the principal orators of the occasion.

On the same day, we see it stated, there was to be a celebration of the Fourth of July over the grave of John Brown, at North Elba. All of the Browns, and some of the blacks, were to be on hand, and among them John Brown, Jr., the eldest son of Capt. John Brown, who was appointed to read the Declaration of Independence, and Solomon, his youngest son, to read the Sermon on the Mount. The following persons were invited to be present and speak: Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, of New York; Thos. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass.; Miss Frances Ellen Watkins, of Philadelphia; Thaddeus Hyatt, late of Washington Jail, D. C.; Richard J. Hinton, of Kansas; Frederick Douglass, of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. George B. Cheever, of New York; Rev. Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass.; Judge W. M. F. Arny, of Kansas, and many others.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Selections.

A MISSISSIPPI HOME.

[Mr. Olmstead, in his new work, "A Journey into the Back Country" (the remoter portions of the slave States), gives the following account of his visit to the home of a planter in that part of Mississippi described by DeBow as a sort of Southern paradise, "one of the finest in all the West."]

THE coach stopped at length. We got out and found ourselves on the bank of an overflowed brook. A part of the bridge was broken up, the driver declared it impossible to ford the stream, and said he should return to the shanty, four miles back, at which we had last changed horses. We persuaded him to take one of his horses from the team and let us see if we could not get across. I succeeded in doing this without difficulty, and, turning the horse loose, he returned. The driver, however, was still afraid to try to ford the stream with the coach and mails, and, after trying our best to pursuade him, I told him if he returned, he should do it without me, hoping he would be shamed out of his pusillanimity. Yazoo joined me, but the driver, having again recovered the horse upon which he had forded the stream, turned about and drove back.

We pushed on, and, after walking a few miles, came to a neat, new house, with a cluster of old cabins about it. It was much the most comfortable establishment we had seen during the day. Truly a "sunny valley" home of Northern Mississippi. We entered quietly, and were received by two women, who were spinning in a room with three outside doors all open, though a fine fire was burning, merely to warm the room, in a large fire-place, within. Upon our asking if we could have breakfast prepared for us, one of the women went to the door and gave orders to a negro, and, in a moment after, we saw six or seven black boys and girls chasing and clubbing a hen round the yard for our benefit. I regret to add that they did not succeed in making her tender. At twelve o'clock we breakfasted, and were then accommodated with a bed, upon which we slept together for several hours. When I awoke, I walked out to look at the premises.

The house was a half dozen rods from the high road, with a square yard all about it, in one corner of which was a small enclosure for stock, and a log stable and corn-crib. There were also three negro cabins; one before the house, and two behind it. The house was a neat building of logs, boarded over and painted on the outside. On the inside, the logs were neatly hewn to a plane face, and exposed. One of the lower rooms contained a bed, and but little other furniture; the other was the common family apartment, but also was furnished with a bed. A door opened into another smaller log house in the rear, in which were two rooms—one of them the family dining-room, the other the kitchen. Behind this was still another log erection, fifteen feet square, which was the smoke-house, and in which a great store of bacon was kept. The negro cabins were small, dilapidated and dingy; the walls were not chinked, and there were no windows—which, indeed, would have been a superfluous luxury, for there were spaces of several inches between the logs, through which there was unobstructed vision. The furniture in the cabins was of the simplest and rudest imaginable kind, two or three beds with dirty clothing upon them, a chest, a wooden stool or two, made with an axe, and some earthenware and cooking apparatus. Everything within the cabins was colored black by smoke. The chimneys of both the house and the cabins were built of splinters and clay, and on the outer side of the walls. At the door of each cabin were literally "heaps" of babies and puppies, and behind or beside it a pig sty and poultry coop, a ley-tub and quantities of home-carded cotton placed upon boards to bleach. Within each of them was a woman or two, spinning with the old-fashioned great wheel, and in the kitchen another woman was weaving coarse cotton shirtings with the ancient, rude hand-loom. The mistress herself was spinning in the living-room, and asked, when we had grown acquainted, what women at the North could find to do, and how they could ever pass the time, when they gave up spinning and weaving. She made the common every-day clothing for all her family and her servants. They only bought a few "store-goods" for their "dress up" clothes. She kept the negro girls spinning all through the winter, and at all times when they were not needed in the field. She supposed they would begin to plant corn now in a few days, and then the girls would go to work out of doors. I noticed that all the bed clothing, the towels, curtains, etc., in the house were of homespun.

THE OWNER OF IT.

The proprietor, who had been absent on a fishing excursion, during the day, returned at dusk. He was a man of the fat, slow-and-easy style, and proved to be good-natured, talkative and communicative. He had bought the tract of land he now occupied, and moved upon it about ten years before. He had made a large clearing, and could now sell it for a good deal more than he gave for it. He intended to sell whenever he could get a good offer, and move on West. It was the best land in this part of the country, and he had got it well fenced, and put up a nice house; there were a great many people that like to have these things done for them in advance, and he thought he should not have to wait long for a purchaser. He liked himself to be clearing land, and it was getting too close settled about here to suit him. He did not have much to do but to hunt and fish, and the game was getting so scarce it was too much trouble to go after it. He did not think there were so many cat in the creek as there used to be, either, but there were more gar-fish. When he first bought this land, he was not worth much—had to run in debt—hadn't but three negroes. Now, he was pretty much out of debt and owned twenty negroes, seven of them prime field-hands, and he reckoned I had not seen a better lot anywhere.

A LOOK AT THE FIELD-HANDS.

During the evening, all the cabins were illuminated by great fires, and, looking into one of them, I saw a very picturesque family group; a man sat on the ground making a basket, a woman lounged on a chest in the chimney corner smoking a pipe, and a boy and two girls sat in a bed which had been drawn up opposite to her, completing the fireside circle. They were talking and laughing cheerfully.

The next morning, when I turned out, I found Yazoo looking with the eye of a connoisseur at the seven prime field-hands, who at half-past seven were just starting off with hoes and axes for their day's work. As I approached him, he exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Aren't them a right keen-lookin' lot of niggers?"

And our host soon after coming out, he immediately walked up to him, saying:

"Why, friend, them yer niggers o' yourn would be good for seventy bales of cotton, if you'd move down in our country."

Their owner was perfectly aware of their value, and said everything good of them.

"There's something ruther singular, too, about my niggers; I don't know as I ever see anything like it anywhere else."

"How so, sir?"

"Well, I reckon it's my way o' treating 'em, much as anything. I never hev no difficulty with 'em. Hen't licked a nigger in five year, 'cept maybe sprouting some of the young ones sometimes. Fact, my niggers never want no looking arter; they jus tek ker o' themselves. Fact, they do tek a greater interest in the crops than I do myself. There's another thing—I s'pose 't will surprise you—there ent one of my niggers but what can read; read good, too—better'n I can, at any rate."

NEGRO CAPACITY.

"How did they learn?"

"Taught themselves. I b'lieve there was one on 'em that I bought that could read, and he taught all the rest. But niggers is mighty apt at larnin' a heap more'n white folks is."

I said, that this was contrary to the generally received opinion.

"Well, now, let me tell you," he continued; "I had a boy to work, when I was buildin', and my boys jus teachin' him night times and such, he warn't here more'n three months, and he larned to read as well as any man I ever heerd, and I know he didn't know his letters when he come here. It didn't seem to me any white man could have done that; does it to you, now?"

"How old was he?"

"Warn't more'n seventeen, I reckon."

"How do they get books—do you get them for them?"

"Oh, no; get 'em for themselves."

"How?"

"Buy 'em."

"How do they get the money?"

"Earn it."

"How?"

"By their own work. I tell you my niggers have got more money 'n I hev."

"What kind of books do they get?"

"Religious kind a books ginerally—these stories; and some of them will buy novels, I believe. They won't let on to that, but I expect they do it."

They bought them of peddlers. I inquired about the law to prevent negroes reading, and asked if it allowed books to be sold to negroes. He had never heard of any such law—didn't believe there was any. The Yazoo man said there was such a law in his country. Negroes never had anything to read there. I asked our host if his negroes were religious, as their choice of works would have indicated.

"Yes; all on 'em, I reckon. Don't s'pose you'll believe it, but I tell you it's a fact, I haint heerd a swear on this place for a twelvemonth. They keep the Lord's day, too, right tight, in gineral."

"Our niggers is mighty wicked down in Yallerbush county," said my companion; "they dance."

"Dance on Sunday?" I asked.

"Oh, no, we don't allow that."

"What do they do then—go to meeting?"

"Why, Sundays they sleep mostly; they've been at work hard all the week, you know, and Sundays they stay in their cabins and sleep and talk to each other. There's so many of 'em together, they don't want to go visiting off the place."

"Are your negroes Baptists or Methodists?" I inquired of our host.

"All Baptists; niggers allers want to be ducked, you know. They ain't content to be just tich'd with water; they must be ducked in all over. There was two niggers jined the Methodists up here last summer, and they made the minister put 'em into the branch; they wouldn't jine 'less he'd duck 'em."

"The Bible says baptize, too," observed Yazoo.

"Well, they think they must be ducked all under, or 'tain't no good."

"Do they go to meeting?"

"Yes, they hev a meeting among themselves."

"And a preacher?"

"Yes; a nigger preacher."

NEGRO AMUSEMENTS.

"Our niggers is mighty wicked; they dance!" repeated Yazoo.

"Do you consider dancing so very wicked, then?" I asked.

"Well, I don't account it so myself, as I know on, but they do, you know—the pious people, all kinds, except the 'Piscopers; some o' them, they do dance themselves, I believe. Do you dance in your country?"

"Yes."

"What sort of dances—cotillions and reels?"

"Yes; what do you?"

"Well, we dance cotillions and reels too, and we dance on a plank; that's the kind of dancin' I like best."

"How is it done?"

"Why, don't you know that? You stand face to face with your partner on a plank and keep a dancin'. Put the plank up on two barrel heads, so it'll kind o' spring. At some of our parties—that's among common kind o' people, you know—it's great fun. They dance as fast as they can, and the folks all stand round and holler, 'Keep it up, John!' 'Go it, Nance!' 'Don't give it up so!' 'Old Virginny never tire!' 'Heel and toe, ketch a fire!' and such kind of observations, and clap and stamp 'em."

"Do your negroes dance much?"

"Yes, they are mighty fond on't. Saturday night they dance all night, and Sunday nights too. Daytime they sleep and rest themselves, and Sunday nights we let 'em dance and sing if they want. It does 'em good, you know, to enjoy theirselves."

"They dance to the banjo, I suppose?"

"Banjos and violins; some of 'em has got violins."

"I like to hear negroes sing," said I.

"Niggers is allers good singers nat'rally," said our host. "I reckon they got better lungs than white folks, they hev such powerful voices."

FRUIT TREES.

We were sitting at this time on the rail fence at the corner of a hog-pen and a large, half-cleared field. In that part of this field nearest the house, among the old stumps, twenty or thirty small fruit trees had been planted. I asked what sorts they were.

"I don't know—good kinds tho', I expect; I bought 'em for that at any rate."

"Where did you buy them?"

"I bought 'em of a feller that came a peddlin' round here last fall; he said I'd find 'em good."

"What did you pay for them?"

"A bit apiece."

"That's very cheap, if they're good for anything; you are sure they're grafted, arn't you?"

"Only by what he said—he said they was grafted kinds. I've got a paper in the housen he gin me, tells about 'em: leastways, he said it did. They's the curosest kind of trees printed into it you ever heerd on. But I did not buy none, only the fruit kinds."

Getting off the fence I began to pick about the roots of one of them with my pocket-knife. After exposing the trunk for five or six inches below the surface, I said, "You've planted these too deep, if they're all like this. You should have the ground dished about it or it won't grow." I tried another, and after picking some minutes without finding any signs of the "collar," I asked if they had all been planted so deeply.

"I don't know—I told the boys to put 'em in about two feet, and I expect they did, for they fancied to have apple trees growin'."

The catalogue of the tree-peddler, which afterwards came into my possession, quite justified the opinion my host expressed of the kind of trees described in it.

"TRUE GOSPEL PREACHING: WHAT IS IT?"

From The Free Church Portfolio.

THIS is the title of a new tract issued by the American Reform Tract and Book Society of Cincinnati. It embodies the remarks made at the first meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, held in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cherry street, Philadelphia, by Prof. Cleveland of that city.

Things have come to a high pass indeed, when the Christian ministry must be instructed by a layman in the matter of "preaching the Gospel." And yet it is as true as it is shameful that such a necessity exists. *The Daily News* of Philadelphia says:

> "There are very few who have the resolution to stand up and reprove iniquity when it is plated with gold. Men of wealth occupy high places in fashionable churches, and good-natured clergymen do not like to tell them of the means by which their incomes are earned. It would not be thought polite for a minister to inform his congregation that some of its leading members enjoyed rents earned by houses occupied by persons engaged in the most profligate occupations; or that wealthy merchants kept *clerks* in their employment whose chief business was to pander to the vicious propensities of customers; and that others did not hesitate to grind the faces of the poor to add to their large incomes. If preachers were to tell plain truths to their congregations, there would be danger of a loss of popularity. There are very few who love unvarnished truth, and if hypocrisy and depravity were rebuked now as they were by Christ himself, when he was in the world, there would be very thin congregations in some of our most fashionable churches.
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> "The time has come when there is a necessity for men like Martin Luther to grasp iniquity by the throat, even where wealth and power are its support. No one can fail to see the rapid growth of vice and immorality, and it is manifest, unless more powerful instrumentalities than those now in use are brought into operation, that decay and ruin must follow the flood of depravity which threatens to overwhelm us."

Now, when a political press in such a city as Philadelphia feels called upon to rebuke the cowardice and unfaithfulness of the ministry for not denouncing crime notoriously practised, it shows a sad state of things. Professor Cleveland only discusses one branch of ministerial unfaithfulness as it is displayed in the guilty silence of the pulpit on the subject of manstealing. *The Daily News* would probably approve of this silence on the slavery subject, but it considers the ministry delinquent in not rebuking "hypocrisy," "depravity," and "iniquity" of other kinds. But all sin belongs to the same family, and a minister who knowingly spares one form of iniquity is prepared to connive at all others when he is tempted to do so. His heart is full of treason to his Master. These unfaithful ministers in our large cities where vice and crime stalk abroad unblushingly and insult virtue on the street, poultice up their consciences by a punctual attendance upon the daily prayer-meetings. Here they are so concerned in *heart* religion that they have no time to attend to *life* religion. A merchant of New York who worships in a Fifth Avenue church recently told us, that his wife was lately urging her two sons to make a profession of religion. "Mother," said one of the young men, "do you want me to be as religious as uncle William, who attends the daily prayer meetings?" "Yes," replied his anxious mother, "I would be happy if you were as pious as he." "But, mother, uncle William comes home from the prayer-meeting and sells fifty yards of spool cotton for a hundred! Is there any religion in that?" It is one of the cheapest and easiest things in the world to talk religiously, and to make an impression upon the minds of blind and credulous people in the Church that he who does so is godly. The Pharisees did it long ago. They were punctilious about circumstantials. They tithed mint and anise and cummin, and the deluded people of their day regarded them as the holiest of men. They admired their sanctity, as they stood at the corners of the streets and made long prayers. But when He came who was to reprove the world of sin, he poured out his denunciations upon the whining hypocrites and told them they could not escape the damnation of hell. Why? Not because their scrupulousness as to the circumstantials of religion was wrong, but because they omitted the *weightier* matters of the law.

At Key West there were, not long ago, more than two thousand African negroes, stolen from their native land by American pirate vessels sailing from the port of New York, and taken by our ships on the high seas. The descriptions given of these wretched creatures would almost draw tears from a marble statue. The slave trade is a necessity growing out of the existence of slavery. As long as an able-bodied slave, male or female, can bring two thousand dollars in the New Orleans market, the demand will be met with a supply from the coast of Africa, where they can be had for ten or twenty dollars per head. Yet who dare condemn the slave trade when he defends the holding of slaves? If the African trade in human beings is wrong, is the interstate slave trade right? If man can hold property in man at all, is not the *trade* in men a mere incident and concomitant of property? Now, these things are obvious to all minds; and the reason why a hunker minister in New York or Philadelphia never denounces those of his congregation who engage in the slave trade is, because he has taught that others of his flock who own plantations and slaves in the South are not criminal. And the reason why he lets other crimes go unwhipped of justice is, because he is so busy in "preaching the gospel" that he considers it a violation of the Sabbath and the sanctity of the pulpit to touch upon ignoble themes, such as are condemned in the Moral Law. Now, as the seeds of weeds are never sown by the husbandman, but grow up spontaneously, unless the ground is ploughed and pre-occupied by good seed, so, if the ministry does not rebuke open sin, and all sin, because it is sin, it will spring up and grow like the deadly night-shade, and keep all the virtues sickly and stunted beneath its evil influence. We must either become atheists and infidels at once, or else regard the gospel as the sworn and uncompromising foe of every sin, and as designed by its divine founder to *bear upon* sin in all its forms. It is a medicine to cure the moral diseases of society, but, like all other medicine, it must be *applied* to the diseased patient in order to effect a cure. The ministry has this responsibility upon them, that, if they are derelict in the duty of rebuking sin—God's authorized means for its removal—then they are accountable for all the effects of such unfaithfulness.

But Professor Cleveland need not expect to do any good by his admirable tract. The guilty persons for whom it is designed, filled to bursting with Pharisaical pride, would spurn it with indignation if offered to them for perusal. Who shall undertake to teach the teachers? Hence, said Christ, addressing the teachers of his day: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost his savor wherewith shall *it* be salted?" The last class of men in this country to get right on the subject of slavery and its multiform relations to the Church and the State, is the ministry; and the last department of this class to see and do the truth is—the Doctors of Divinity! When the politicians get right, and the people in the pews get right, and the elders of the church get right, then, after all this, when there is no reproach to be borne, the priesthood will get right, too.

REVIVAL OF THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

From The Evening Post.

STATISTICS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

WE thank a friend who has taken the trouble to correct the statistics of the slave traffic from this port, which we gave recently in these columns. We claimed for our navy the credit of having probably rescued six thousand negroes from slave ships during the last fifteen months. Our correspondent has kept a record, which he has reason to believe correct. He writes us as follows:

"The article states that the negroes captured on three vessels was 1,448, and surmises the average on twelve to be five hundred each, giving the total of about six thousand. Allow me, sir, to give the correct record of slavers captured on the coast of Cuba:

Brig Echo, August 21, 1859	318 negroes.
Bark Wildfire, April 26, 1860	530 "
Bark Williams, May 9, 1860	570 "
Bark Bogota, May 23, 1860	500 "
Sum total	1,918

"Thirty-one vessels cleared from this port, as your article states, 'the first slave-trading port in the world,' to engage in this traffic in humanity. Two of these were ships of six hundred tons. Take the average named, five hundred each, and we have fifteen thousand five hundred carried over the Middle Passage to Cuba."

Our correspondent then adds some interesting facts in regard to the captured vessels:

"The Orion was sent to New York; the United States Commissioners found no proof against her; she cleared again for the Congo, and was captured by a British vessel and sent to St. Helena with eight hundred negroes on board.

"The Emily, captured off Loango, was sent to New York. The Commissioners found no proof. She cleared again. It is now said that the Emily and Bogota are one and the same vessel.

"The Virginia has just been captured again on the Bermuda Reefs, by a British vessel, the Skipjack. An article appeared, a few days since, in several of the papers, stating that 'the fleetest vessels in the navy, and the best officers, are at present on this service; and, lest the social attractions of the gay island of Madeira might induce officers to prolong their stay, no national ship is permitted to touch there, except on special occasions. And yet, in spite of all this, the fact remains beyond all dispute, that a very great number of vessels leave our ports every year, under circumstances which leave no room for doubt that they are slavers, and yet they are not captured by vessels of the American squadron.'

"The Mohican, Sumpter and Mystic are the only steamers in the African squadron. The last two were propellers purchased from Mr. Cromwell for the Paraguay Expedition. Those who have read the accounts of the 'War in Paraguay' know how fast and efficient the Sumpter and Mystic are."

In fact, the only measure which Mr. President Buchanan can boast of having carried during his entire administration, is the practical repeal or nullification of the restrictions upon the slave trade. By putting the peaceful relations between this country and England in peril, upon a pretended violation of our rights on the high seas, he has succeeded in discouraging English cruisers, while at home his officers and agents are of a class who are too sagacious to execute the laws in a spirit hostile to the obvious policy of the Administration. Hence, with justice, is New York city, the great commercial metropolis of this continent, now boldly stigmatized by the foreign press as "the first slave-trading port in the world."

From the same.

THE GREAT SLAVE TRADE CITY.

WE publish below a list, furnished us by a well-informed correspondent, of the American vessels which are known to have been in the slave trade during the last few years. It will be seen that the greater part of them sailed from this port, and the number of them justifies the disgraceful phrase of the London *Times*, when it denounced New York as the greatest slave-trading mart in the world. Indeed, it has become so common now for the foreigners who carry on the infamous traffic to make the metropolis their headquarters that the business is scarcely conducted with secrecy. "I could tell you," said a merchant to us the other day, "of at least twenty firms who are more than suspected of a connection with the Cuban importation of Africans."

This trade has been usually carried on by means of small clipper-built sailing vessels, capable of running up the creeks of the African coast to take in cargoes from the interior, or to conceal themselves in case of pursuit. But it is now about to assume a bolder face. Schooners and brigs have been found insufficient for its purposes, and the mighty agent, steam, is to be used. *The Journal of Commerce* of this morning has the following significant paragraph:

> "WHITHER BOUND?—The steamer City of Norfolk, it will be remembered, cleared from this port a few weeks since, bound for St. Thomas and a market. We understand that the captain has returned to this city, having transferred or sold the steamer there. There was some difficulty about clearing the steamer from this port, as it is said she would go without papers; and one or two houses refused to ship by her. Her future movements were probably all arranged before she left this port. Her clearance, of course, would answer just as well for St. Thomas at the mouth of the Congo river, as the West India island of the same name. It is a fact that half the vessels which clear for St. Thomas with regular papers, go to the little island of the same name in the Bight of Biafra."

At the time the City of Norfolk sailed from this port it was intimated in some of the papers that her objects were illegitimate, but the report was indignantly denied. Now we are told that her future movements were all arranged before she quitted the city. By whom were they arranged—the parties which denied the allegations of the journals? If so, they may be ascertained, and ought to be exposed.

Steamships will give a new activity to the infernal traffic. Not only are they capable of carrying larger numbers of the poor stolen Africans than sailing vessels, but they will be better able to elude arrest. The war vessels on the Gold Coast are commonly under sail, and will have no chance in a race with either a propeller or a side-wheel steamer. Inasmuch, also, as they will take a larger freight, each voyage will become more profitable. If a small schooner can be made to carry five hundred negroes, a steamship could be easily packed with three thousand. This, at an average price for each slave of three hundred dollars, would make $900,000, a sum sufficiently large to cover all expenses, including the burning of the vessel, and leave a fortune for the balance!

Under these circumstances a double energy and vigilance is the duty of the authorities; yet we have little hope from them, so long as Mr. Buchanan handles the reins of government. Our list shows no less than thirty-nine vessels which have devoted themselves to the trade during his administration. Of these, four have been captured by American cruisers. Now, how many would be captured if they had the aid of steam? We can answer for it, none—which is another reason why the imbecile brood now nestling at Washington should be driven away.

RETURNS OF THE SLAVE TRADE UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG,

Pending the Administration of James Buchanan.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

THE following-named slavers landed their cargoes on the island of Cuba within the past eighteen months:

Bark Panchita, Captain Stanhope, from New York.
Bark Ysla de Cuba, Captain Larkin, from New York.
Bark Star of the East, Captain Hinckley, from New York.
Bark Laurens, Captain Curtis (whaler), from New London and New York.
Bark Ottawa, Captain Gordon, from Mobile.
Ship Memphis, Captain Moody, from New Bedford.
Ship Rebecca, Captain Carter, from New Orleans.
Brig C. H. Sampson, Captain Davis, from Havana and New York.
Brig W. M. Groton, Captain Tibbetts, from Havana.
Ship Comoro, Captain Maciel (whaler), from New Bedford.
Brig Frances Ellen, Captain Hedlund, from Charleston.
Brig Brownsville, Captain Marsh, from New Orleans.
Brig Cosmopolite, captain unknown, from Cardenas.
Brig Broome, captain unknown, from Havana.
Bark Belle, Captain Stewarts, from New York.
Brig Cygnet, Captain Gottell, from Philadelphia and Canary Islands.
Bark J. J. Cobb, captain unknown, from Havana.
Brig Charlotte, Captain Lockhart, from New York.
Brig Ellen, unknown, from New York.
Brig John P. Hooper, Captain Paine, from Havana.
Schooner Wyvern, Captain Fields, from Boston.
Brig Wm. Taylor Hall, Captain Oliver, from Baltimore.
Bark Asa Fish, Captain Dickie, from New York.
Bark Hungarian, Captain Dickie, from New York.
Bark Sultana, Captain Bowen, from New York.
Brig Tyrant, Captain Lind, from New York.

The following vessels were reported by Corydon, of *The Journal of Commerce*, writing from St. Helena, captured by British cruisers:

Bark Orion, Captain Morgan (800 slaves), from New York.
Bark Laura (Mexican flag), from New Orleans.
Brig Lillie Mills, unknown, from Havana.
Schooner Stephen Townsend, unknown, from New Orleans.
Brig Tavernier, Captain Johnson (520 slaves), from Cardenas.
Brig J. Harris, Captain Steele (550 slaves), from New York.

And from other sources:

Bark Pamphylion, unknown (700 slaves), from New York and Havana.
Brig W. H. Stewart, unknown, from New Orleans and Havana.
Ship Ellerslie, unknown, from Baltimore and Matanzas.

And by United States vessels-of-war.

Brig Putnam, Captain Townsend (318 slaves), from New Orleans.
Bark Wildfire, Captain Stanhope (507 slaves), from New York.
Bark William, Captain Simms (513 slaves), from Mobile and Havana.
Bark Wm. G. Lewis (Bogota), Captain Faulkner (411 slaves), from New York.

But one cargo landed in the United States—the yacht Wanderer.

SOUTH STREET.

New York, July 25, 1860.

[*The Evening Post* of a later date contains a further list of EIGHTY-FIVE vessels known to have been engaged in the slave trade *under the American flag*, during the administration of Mr. Buchanan—making ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY in all. The writer, in most instances, gives the names of owners and captains, with other important particulars.—ED. STANDARD.]

From The New York Tribune.

THE "BLACKBIRD LINE."

WHOEVER wishes to see a vessel which has all the points of a first-class slaver should look at the bark Kate, now lying in the stream opposite Castle Garden. A long, low, black thing, with raking masts and heavy spars, capable of showing an immense spread of canvass, she is the sort of vessel most sought after by the piratical tradesmen who make merchandise of the bodies of men. Built originally for the South American trade, she has been in her day a reputable vessel; but, as is too often the case with others of her sex whose vivacity and good looks are their best recommendation, she attracted the attention of men of the baser sort, and was reduced to the shameless life she now follows. But she carries in her looks the evidence of her shame—for, though as beautiful as ever, her bearing is insolent, and, when full dressed, there is an extravagance and latitude in her costume that belongeth not to a modest female.

It is several weeks, we do not remember how many, since the royal yacht, which is kept for the entertainment of Mr. Collector of the Customs, condescended to be used in a little matter of business, and overhauled this Kate as she was about to proceed to sea. It is several days since the Marshal said, in Court, that he could not positively decide as to the character of this vessel till he had broken bulk and examined her cargo. Yet the Kate still rides quietly at anchor in the stream, a much injured and slandered craft, if she be not guilty of the charge against her, and a striking instance of how the law may be mocked if the charge be true. We should not be surprised to hear some morning that a boat-load of men had boarded her in the night, and that she had slipped her cables and gone to sea. She would only need a little start to show a very clean pair of heels to Mr. Collector's yacht, for she is said to be one of the fastest vessels that ever floated. Indeed, she need not be far outside of Sandy Hook to be safe from pursuit, for the Harriet Lane could not long be spared from her port duties of cruising up the north River, and into other tranquil waters, with parties of pleasure.

The Señor Henrico da Costa, the supposed owner of the Kate, has been once before in the meshes of the law, in this city, on a charge of slaveholding, and found no difficulty then in solving his difficulties by running away. Whether, after the Court has in his case settled the little matter of bail to its mind, he will take precisely the steps we suggest, or whether he will prefer the less risky and more regular method of giving bonds for his ship, to be duly forfeited, or to be duly found good for nothing, we will not predict. We will predict, however, with the most cheerful alacrity and unshaken confidence in our own powers as a prophet, that the Señor da Costa will never suffer, in this city, any punishment for his crimes of piracy, executed or contemplated, and that his gallant bark, the Kate, will go to sea presently with all her sails set, and all her colors flying; and that the Harriet Lane will observe her departure with a quiet equanimity, heightened by the reflection that her leisure, and her equally elegant amusements, are to be interfered with no longer by the necessity of watching so disreputable a character as the Kate.

We gave, not long since, a list of undoubted slavers which cleared from this port for Africa between the 1st of January and the 1st of May. To this we add for May and June eight vessels more, including the Kate, namely: the brig Storm King, Lockhart, master, May 2; schooner Josephine, Carter, master, May 17; bark Cora, Latham, master, May 19; bark Buckeye, Booth, master, May 21; brig D. Webster, Bruisson, master, May 29; bark F. Deming, Brightman, master, June 18; and schooner Maraquita, Burrett, master, June 19. Of these, the Cora, Josephine and Maraquita have been stopped, and their cargoes discharged. The evidence of their intentions was sufficient to require bonds, though not considered sufficient to authorize confiscation. They have since gone to sea. If these bonds are ever paid, the sum will be a very small percentage on the profit on a cargo of negroes.

This slave-trading is a profitable business. It is profitable at both ends; for it pays those well who engage in it, and not badly those whose business it is to stop it at the outset. Precisely how much this latter class make, we have no means of knowing, but undoubtedly their gains are considerable. It is idle to suppose that these vessels get off without official connivance. All the methods adopted, we do not know; but sometimes, it is said, where no evidence has appeared against the vessel, a bag or two of gold has disappeared from her cabin; sometimes when, it was thought, the papers had been seized that would certainly convict her, they were found, when opened—having, in the meantime, been in possession of a sworn officer of the law—to be a mass of most innocent and uninteresting correspondence. Probably where both parties understand their business, all public scandal is avoided, and the slaver slips out of port quietly and unmolested.

Nor are the opportunities of turning a penny confined to the seizure of vessels which are known to be slavers. The destination and purpose of every one of them that clears from this port, bound for Africa for a "cargo of ebony," are as positively known, in certain quarters, as that the Cunard steamers take mails and passengers to Liverpool weekly. The lading provisioning and equipment of this "blackbird line" differ from all other ships; they are always cleared at the Custom-House by the master, or by some firm which at no other time has either local habitation or a name. No excuse ever exists for a mistake, for the moral, if not the legal, evidence is always perfect. Yet the guilty always escape, while advantage is sometimes taken of the law to make the innocent suffer. A case of this sort occurred a year or two ago. A respectable merchant of Salem, Mass., bought a brig here, and was about to go with her to that place, where he preferred to take out a register. She was seized on the alleged suspicion of being about to sail for Africa, for a cargo of slaves. The charge was proved to be groundless and frivolous, yet he could not get his vessel. An appeal was made to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, who ordered her release. The order was disregarded, and the owner, at length, to recover his property and avoid further expense, paid a large sum, we think $2,000, for her surrender. Perhaps such instances are rare, for want of opportunity; but that they sometimes occur, and are made the pretext of oppressing the honest merchant, is a proof that other things beside liberty are held at the price of eternal vigilance.

From The Boston Traveller.

LATE FROM THE SLAVING FLEET.

By a recent arrival from the coast of Africa, we learn there were seven American vessels in the Congo river, June 4, trading, of course, but the names of which were not reported. English cruisers had been alongside of them all, found that they were not to be boarded with impunity, and prudently hauled off, as several officers had recently been reprimanded by the Admiralty for going on board American vessels without permission. Incidentally we have been informed that a regular fleet of vessels clear from different ports of the United States at the same time, and that distributed among them, are stores and water to fit out two or three of them for slavers, and that when the coast is clear, they all combine to aid the selected vessel in receiving stores and slaves with the greatest possible despatch. By these means, seven or eight vessels may be all engaged in the slave trade, without having on board sufficient slave material to convict any one of them. This system might be termed the "mutual aid dodge." We understand that it works successfully. It rarely happens that there is more than one cruiser near a noted slave mart, and if she could succeed in making a prize, she generally leaves the place with it, and proceeds to St. Helena or Sierra Leone. Aware of her absence, the "mutual aid" slavers despatch as many of their number as possible and generally run clear. We have also been informed that two or three swift steam slavers were fitting out on the coast, from ports in Cuba, and that great gains were expected from them. As we have not any steam vessels of the class required for such a trade, we suppose they have been built in England, and are of iron. If these statements are correct, the slave trade, in the language of the markets, may be stated as "active with an increased demand."

From The New Orleans Delta, July 12.

THE KEY WEST NEGROES.

A few days ago, within about twenty-four hours of the successful landing of a gang of negroes, in Mobile bay, twenty-three remarkably fine fellows, field hands were placed on board of the Mobile steamer for this city, and, having safely arrived, *are to be sold on Friday*, at the St. Charles Hotel, by Julian Neville. There is much discussion and inquiry as to the character of these negroes, whether they are of the recent or whether they *are a portion of the one hundred and ninety for whom graves were dug at Key West*, but who, unreasonably enough, preferred rather the comfortable quarters of our river plantations to such narrow accommodations as Uncle Sam proposed to furnish them. One of the lot, a boy of seventeen weighs one hundred and seventy, and is over six feet high. It is supposed he is of the Bozale tribe, and that his father was a renowned warrior of that warlike race.

The landing of a cargo of Africans, right under the nose of Judge Campbell, the most ferocious of all the foes of the traffic, is certainly a very audacious act. The time, too, selected for the landing adds to the gravity of the offence. The Judge's recent ponderous charge to the Grand Jury, and eloquent exhibition of the horrors of the middle passage, had just been delivered, and orders had just been given to the United States Marshal to pursue all offenders under the statute. Judge Jones's decision that it was no violation of the act of Congress to buy negroes which had been imported, has been set aside. And yet, in face of all this peril and responsibility, some daring adventurer succeeds in landing a gang of good hands in time for the picking season, which will be a valuable addition to our utterly inadequate force of agricultural laborers. "Can such things be," &c.

A TRUE BILL.

The New Orleans papers contained a despatch, three days since, from our city, to the effect that 103 negroes had been safely delivered, per schooner, to persons in that vicinity. It's a true bill, we hear. The sons of Africa were brought here, delivered to a steamboat, and are now, we take it for granted, safe, and not likely to undergo what the imported darkies so detest—*deportation*. Whoever conducted this affair, has our congratulations on his or their success, as the case may be, whether the Africans came from the Gold Coast *via* Key West, or whether they made a straight out trip by the shortest route from their native land.

We take it that the trade is, to all intents and purposes, opened—why not? Why should not those who are in want of negro labor import it at a low cost, when they are civilizing and Christianizing a set of barbarians by the same course which redounds to their interest?—*Mobile Register, July* 14.

ONE OF THE TEXAS ENACTMENTS.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN THE SOUTH.

Correspondence of the New Yorker Demokrat.

New Braunfels, Texas, July 1, 1860.

I send you a copy of an act passed by our last Legislature, and sanctioned by the great Sam (Houston)—an act the like of which is scarcely found in China, certainly not in France, Austria or Russia. The history of this interesting legislative enactment is veiled with great and intentional obscurity. At the opening of the session there was some talk about a bill of that kind, but public opinion declared decidedly against it, and it was understood that the bill would be dropped. Till within four days nothing additional could be learned of the matter. Now it appears in full view among the laws passed by the late Legislature, and approved by the Governor. As far as we can learn, Senator Duggan, of Seguin—chosen chiefly by the German vote—offered the bill; nobody dared to resist it, and it was passed without any discussion, without moving even a call of the roll. Many of the representatives are said to have avoided voting by absenting themselves, among them the few Germans. Since then a cry of indignation has been raised among the Germans; but nothing will be done to test the legality of the act, because no lawyer can be found to defend us.

Vindex.

Article 653 shall hereafter read as follows: Any person who shall, in the presence or hearing of any slave, utter words calculated and with the intent to render such slave discontented with his state of slavery, or who shall, by words or speech addressed to a slave, endeavor to render said slave discontented with his state of slavery, shall be punished by confinement in the Penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years.

Art. 653. A. Any free person who shall publicly maintain that masters have no right of property in their slaves, either by speaking, writing or printing shall be punished by confinement in the Penitentiary not less than two nor more than four years.

Art. 653. B. Any free person who shall privately or otherwise than publicly maintain that masters have no right of property in their slaves, with purpose to bring the institution of slavery into disrepute in the mind of any free inhabitant of this State, or of any resident for the time being therein, shall be punished by confinement in the Penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years.

Art. 653. C. If any free person shall write, print publish, or cause to be written, printed or published any printing, picture, book or other writing inculcating resistance to the right of property of masters in their slaves, or calculated to produce in slaves a spirit of insubordination, with the intent to advise or incite negroes in this State to rebel or to make insurrection; or if he shall, with the intent to give effect to the tendency or to aid the purpose of any such book, writing or publication, knowingly circulate the same he shall be punished by confinement in the Penitentiary not less than two nor more than seven years.

Art. 653. D. If any postmaster or deputy-postmaster knows that any such book, writing or publication as described in the preceding article, has been received at his office through the mail, and shall have reason to believe that the same is intended to be used in violation of the provisions of said preceding article it shall be his duty to give notice thereof before the same is delivered, to some justice of the peace or magistrate, whose duty it shall be to examine into the character and tendencies of said book, writing or publication, and the purpose for which the same is intended to be used by the person to whom it is directed, and if, upon such examination, he shall conclude that said writing, book or publication is such as is described in the preceding article, and intended to be used in violation of the provisions of said article, it shall be his duty to cause said book, writing or publication to be burned in his presence.

Art. 653. E. If any free person shall subscribe for any book, writing or publication, such as is described in Art. 653, C., of this chapter, and with the intent to use the same in violation of the provisions of said article, he shall be fined in a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail for a term not exceeding six months, or both, at the discretion of the jury.

Art. 653. F. If any postmaster or deputy-postmaster shall violate his duty as prescribed in Art. 653, D. he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined in any sum not exceeding two hundred dollars.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Why is it that this form of words has not the same power over men's hearts and minds as that of the Fourth of July, and of the Seventeenth of June, and the Nineteenth of April? Why is it that great multitudes of men, professing to love liberty and the rights of man above all things, do not even know for what that formula stands? It is because it is a bastard Liberty that they boast, and selfish prerogatives and caste privileges, and not Universal Human Rights, that they love. The Battles of Concord and of Bunker Hill, and the Declaration of Independence, are events worthy of the national gratitude of white Americans, because they represent to their baser apprehensions certain good things which they claim to possess. Happily there is a remnant left, even in this country, who believe that black men have rights which white men are bound to respect, and who are ready to rejoice with those that do rejoice over the recovery of these rights by men long bereft of them, though by an act which is the rebuke and shame of their own country. Such met in public assemblies, generally under spreading branches, on green hillsides, or by still waters, last Wednesday, to congratulate the return of the auspicious Anniversary of the day which gave liberty in peace to near a million of hereditary bondmen, and cast a gleam of its sunlight over the dark prisonhouse in which our own captives toil in tears and chains. It is well done of them to take one day in every one of the still blackening series of our years from the contemplation of our own disgraceful history, and to draw fresh hope and stronger faith from beholding what God once did for his long-trampled children and how he has crowned Justice and Mercy with his blessing.

The First of August will yet grow to be one of the most illustrious of Anniversaries marked in the rubric Calendars of mankind. Its interest will ever increase as years go by, proving that the Right is always the Expedient, and that the experiment of doing justly is one that cannot fail. More than twenty years have set their signet upon this great experiment, to certify to all the world and to all future time that it is safe to obey the laws of God, and that repentance, even after a long continuance in crime, is never left without its blessing. That crime should leave no traces behind, upon its perpetrators or its victims, was not to be expected. What habitual wrong, even when it has gone to its doom, does not bequeath a legacy of suffering, appointed by the great law of Penalty and Disobedience?

> "What deep wound ever healed without a scar?"

But is the wrong, therefore, better than the reparation? The scar than the wound? It were not reasonable to expect that a disease of the growth of ten generations should be entirely overcome by the virtue of half of one. Admitting that the workings of West India Emancipation have been as bad as its worst wishers can pretend, it only shows that a rooted disease like slavery is not to be worked out of the constitution of a country in less than a tithe of the time that it revelled unresisted in its veins. All vicious habits and customs make their mark upon those who indulge in and suffer from them, which endures long after the wicked courses have been exchanged for the ways of virtue. But it is very illogical to infer that the reformed sinner would have been better off if he had abode in his sins to the end. The American Revolution was attended and followed by many evils, the effects of which are yet felt and seen; but we do not suppose the most patriotic maligner of West India liberty would say that it were, therefore, better to have remained under the government of the British Crown. The French Revolution was blackened with crime as it went forward, and was visited with despotism after it was finished; but we apprehend there is none now but a frantic legitimist who would affirm that it were better the old regime had endured undisturbed until now.

But there is no pretence of crime as the cause or the consequence of West India Emancipation. The only crime in the case was the system of slavery which it overthrew. There was no bloodshed, no confiscation, no revenge, even, to sully that pure and holy triumph of humanity. None such is pretended by the most malignant torturers of the truth as to this matter. We well remember once hearing an intelligent merchant say, in speaking of this subject, "There is no need of any array of facts and statistics to prove that the Emancipation is working well in the West Indies. The silence that broods over them is the most emphatic witness possible to the fact. Had the experiment not worked well, you may rest assured we should have heard enough about it." And this is the actual state of the case. These islands are actually enjoying that period which historians speak of as the happiest for the inhabitants of a country and the worst for its annalist. Peace and prosperity and gradual improvement in condition afford but brief themes for eloquent narrative. During slavery there were plenty of things to tell of. Insurrection and murder and barbarous punishments, Maroon wars and cruel revenges, are scattered, with but brief intervals between them, all along the two hundred years that slavery sat like a nightmare on the breast of those lovely islands. All that is past. There is no pretence of wrong or violence or cruelty. No civil war, no private broil, no hovering enemy lurking in the fastnesses of the mountains or the thickets of the forests. All that has ever been even charged against the Emancipation, is, that it has not worked well as a business speculation—that there is not as much sugar and rum made now as in the halcyon days of slavery. And all these evil tidings come from the Island of Jamaica alone, or probably from the smaller Bahamas, nearest to our coast, which never were populous or wealthy. A Northern traveller finds Kingston less well regulated than Boston, and attributes the difference to liberty! A dainty lady sees a lazy negro basking in the sun, and profoundly generalizes from the spectacle that slavery is not so bad a thing after all. The pro-slavery press, all over the country, catch up the words, and preach the gospel of eternal slavery from texts like these.

Supposing all this were true, it would not invalidate the argument in favor of Liberty over Slavery, in the least. Rum and sugar are not the only, nor yet the chief, ends of man. The question is whether the people of these islands are happier, more comfortable, better taught, better mannered, more contented, with higher aspirations and actually greater advancements, than under slavery. No one who has looked at the facts through any eyes than those of Yankee skippers and squeamish tourists, has ever had any question on those points. Morality, education, comfort have all grown and increased in proportion as the days of torture and enforced toil recede upon the memory of the inhabitants. We have said that almost all the illustrations of the evil workings of emancipation are drawn from Jamaica; but even there it is not pretended that there is any misrule, insubordination, poverty or crime, greater than existed in the days of slavery. That the condition of Jamaica in all these respects is infinitely improved, no witness with any pretensions to intelligence and candor pretends to deny. The only charge brought against the blacks there is, that they prefer working for themselves rather than for their old masters. Competent witnesses deny that less labor is performed by the negroes there now than in the palmiest days of the whip. It has been diverted to a variety of production, instead of being concentrated upon one. If less sugar and rum are exported thence than a hundred years ago, it is because the laborers are free to raise what they please, and they prefer raising such crops as they can best consume themselves. It were an insult to common sense and common humanity to argue that Jamaica was happier, admitting that she was richer, when the blackness of death overshadowed her, than she is now that she sits in the light of the liberty with which God hath made her free.

But, allowing that all is true that is alleged about Jamaica, let the politico-economists whose souls grieve over the sorrows of sugar and rum, take comfort. There are other islands besides Jamaica, and not only is there never a word heard lisped against the success of Emancipation in them, but the statistics, which are the scriptures of political economy, tell them glad tidings of rum and sugar there. We have not heard the returns of the last year; but those of 1857–8 showed that the actual exports of sugar from all the sugar islands taken together—though the production of Jamaica, once the largest, was much reduced from what it was—was very much greater, we think double, the largest exportations of the best years of slavery! And this, though the consumption of the people of the islands themselves was vastly increased. There has been no pretence that any want of production at any time since 1834, in any island but Jamaica, was owing to the unwillingness of the blacks to work. It was the Free Trade policy of the mother country which opened her markets to Cuba and Brazil that damaged the prosperity of the islands for a time. But the energy of free labor has overcome that obstacle since then. Even in Jamaica the blame of its distress is not now laid upon the want of industry of the black laborers, but upon the want of the fostering care of the Home Government. Though back of that, there always lay the debts of the old planters which had mortgaged their estates thrice over to the English merchants, and which absorbed the compensation allotted by parliament for the unpaid labor they were deprived of. But, even there the gradual extinction of the old planters, bigoted to slavery and willing to suffer loss themselves, if they could only prove Emancipation a failure, and the wholesome agencies of free labor, are changing the whole face of affairs; while, everywhere else, prosperity, wealth, comfort, happiness, moral as well as material improvement, are the universal and acknowledged consequences of the great act of justice performed six-and-twenty years ago by the British nation.

That this glorious experiment will have its effect on our own slavery, in due time, we believe. Though having eyes we see not, and having ears we refuse to hear, in order that we may harden our hearts and refuse to let our bondmen go; yet, in the course of Divine Providence, we shall be chastened and taught by suffering to seek after more excellent things. The time must come, when, under one compulsion or another, the slave masters will have to encounter the necessity of Emancipation. Then they will, of necessity, turn their eyes to this great lesson and learn from it how easy and simple and safe a thing it is to do justly and to love mercy. In the meantime, all true friends of liberty, who recognize no rights as belonging to one man over another, do well to keep their holiday on this immortal Anniversary, and to proclaim its true teachings in all ears that will listen to them. It is at once a duty and reward—a service to the slave, and a comfort and refreshment to their own spirits.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

A writer in *The Independent* of last week, deprecating the idea that the General Association of Connecticut was so far abolitionized as to pass the resolution lately offered in that body, to the effect that the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in this country rests *mainly* with the Church and the Ministry, says: "We could not stultify ourselves by admitting that we are the principal bulwark of American slavery, when at the same time we are reviled by political demagogues and all the sons of Belial for our opposition to slavery."

Here lies the secret of the opposition to that form of abolitionism, under orthodox auspices, which has appeared in the Church within the last year. First, it was contemptuously ignored, in the expectation that, unsupported by any organ of communication with the public, it would soon die. Now that it has attained some consequence, it is actively opposed in the same quarters that have opposed the abolitionism of the American Anti-Slavery Society from the beginning.

When the Church Anti-Slavery Society was started, we remember that regrets were expressed in one of the papers of Connecticut, that any respectable Congregational ministers should have become "envious of the stock-in-trade of the great boo-hoo abolition party that have been going up and down in the land, ranting impracticabilities against slavery, and assuming that abolition was its only cure." Abolitionists, in the view of *The New York Observer*, and of those who hold the controlling influence in the American Church and Ministry, are the sons of Belial, and these sons of Belial have always held—what Albert Barnes maintains and has lately reiterated—that slavery could not be sustained one hour *out* of the Church, if it were not sustained *in* it.

Now, for the General Association of Connecticut to pass a resolution, the truth of which cannot be denied, declaring that the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in the United States rests mainly with the Churches and Ministers, would be an admission that the "abolition sons of Belial" have been all along in the right. Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; the world won't suspect you, as a body, of abolitionism, until public opinion is changed without you, and abolitionism has become popular. Then, when the steed is stolen, you will be first to lock the barn door.

THE WAR UPON DR. CHEEVER.

Dr. Cheever's departure for Great Britain has been made the occasion for a general onset against him, not only by the open enemies of the anti-slavery cause, but by those of his own household of faith whose short comings on the slavery question stand in unworthy contrast with his earnestness and fidelity. *The Independent* led the attack in an article which the pro-slavery presses naturally regarded as ample provocation and warrant for their own more violent, and, we must add, more manly denunciation. *The Independent's* example operated upon the pro-slavery press like the cry of "stuboy" upon a pack of hungry dogs. "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," roused by its voice, rushed upon Dr. Cheever pell-mell, naturally thinking that the man thus ruthlessly assailed by those who had been regarded as his friends was fair game for all the opponents of the anti-slavery cause. That new-fledged organ of commercial piety, *The World* (maintaining a sly partnership with "the Flesh and the Devil"), eagerly copied the body of *The Independent's* article, and, remarking that its statements, if accepted as true, would "*cover Dr. Cheever with dark dishonor*," made them the text for a column of its own virulent abuse of that gentleman. The pro-slavery organ of the Dutch Reformed Church (see first page) seeing Dr. Cheever "assailed in *The Independent* with *a bitterness of subtle malice* which," it thought, "must have surprised the general public far more than it did those who understood the private relations between him and his editorial accuser," took occasion to pour upon him a characteristic volley of denunciation. But we must give the last mentioned journal credit for administering to *The Independent* a stinging rebuke for the heartlessness it displayed in attacking its *collaborateur*. *The Examiner*, the organ of the conservative Baptists, in chiming in with its pro-slavery cotemporaries, expressed surprise at "finding *The Independent* among the list of his [Dr. Cheever's] former friends who had *turned against him*." We might name other journals which, in attacking Dr. Cheever, took their cue from *The Independent*, but those already mentioned are sufficient to show the agency of that paper in raising the storm of abuse that fell upon him at the moment when he was about to leave the country.

And now, will the reader believe us when we say that *The Independent*, in the presence of these and other proofs that the whole pro-slavery community instinctively saw that it had put itself in a hostile attitude toward Dr. Cheever, had the assurance, last week, to pretend that it had been misunderstood—that its meaning had been "strangely perverted"—that it had "used no depreciative language" toward Dr. Cheever, &c., &c.! It even went so far as to lecture *The Observer* for lack of principle and good manners in its treatment of Dr. Cheever! Assuming a look and attitude of innocent surprise and indignant virtue that would have done credit to "Joseph (P.) Surface," it lashes its conservative neighbor, whose conduct toward the Doctor is really less base than its own, for "violating the principles of Christian brotherhood, of good breeding, and of the decencies of social intercourse." Such an outgushing of friendship for the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in that quarter is indeed extremely touching reminding us of nothing so much as of the solemn tenderness of the immortal Pecksniff!

The original purpose of *The Independent*, in spite of all disguises, was plain enough to all those who had watched its previous course. It meant, by a skilful array of partizan statements, to awaken prejudices against Dr. Cheever on the other side of the water, and thus, if possible, to defeat the objects of his voyage, and at the same time to mask its malignity and blind the eyes of his friends by professions of respect and regard for him as a man. If it did its work bunglingly, we must charitably consider that its task was one of great difficulty. It is not easy to do two mutually incompatible things at the same moment—to write a man *down* while wishing to *seem* to half your readers to be writing him *up*. If *The Independent's* mask was badly put on, or made of a too transparent material, so that such of its readers as did not *want* to be deceived couldn't help seeing its real face, let us not withhold the credit due for the boldness of the undertaking, nor fail to pay our tribute of admiration for the well-feigned astonishment with which, when its duplicity was discovered, it regarded the natural, and, no doubt, anticipated results of its labors.

The Free Church Portfolio (good orthodox authority) truly says:

"There is no excuse to be made for the malevolent attacks made upon Dr. Cheever by Dr. Thompson of *The Independent*. In a remarkably awkward manner it tries to cover up the *animus* of its articles, by praising up Dr. Cheever. But its flattery reminds one of the barber's lather put upon the face of his subject, so that he may shave the more closely. Any one who knows English enough to read the articles can easily see that whoever wrote them had bitter and relentless war in his heart against Dr. Cheever."

The Vermont Chronicle (a leading Congregational paper), after reproducing *The Independent's* statements exposes the inconsistency and duplicity of that paper in condemning and pretending to applaud Dr. Cheever in the same breath. *The Chronicle's* avowed hostility to Dr. Cheever makes its rebuke of *The Independent* the more significant. It says:

"It [*The Independent*] thus holds him [Dr. Cheever] up as a man of a most denunciatory and bitter spirit—a fact which his writings have made notorious—*hangs upon his back a certificate which gives the lie to his most solemn declarations*, and sends him across the water as 'a noble representative of the *Christian* anti-slavery of America.' To this we say, 'God forbid!' There is, indeed, a kind of anti-slavery in this country which Dr. Cheever in spirit represents, but it is of the Garrison, the infidel school. And hence, while his spirit and his peculiar views on this subject are disavowed by almost or quite every religious paper of our acquaintance in the country—*The Independent* not excepted—both his spirit and his peculiar opinions are commended by *The Liberator*, and other like anti-Church and anti-Christian papers. We have been associated for more than a quarter of a century with the *Christian* anti-slavery men of New England, and we declare that Dr. C. is regarded by them, as a body, as neither Christian in spirit nor safe in counsel. The *Christian* anti-slavery of America, like Christianity itself, is first pure, then peaceable, *easy to be entreated*, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; characteristics for which Dr. C., according to *The Independent's* commendatory notice, is not very eminent. We protest, therefore, at being represented by Dr. C., on the other side of the water, and against his representing the *Christian* anti-slavery of this country. If *The Independent* wishes him to represent *its* anti-slavery, we have nothing to say, but we object to its speaking for the *Christian* anti-slavery men, as a body.

"We do not profess to be familiar with English society; but if a clergyman should come from England, bringing in his hand, as his credentials, a paper which attributed to him a spirit like that attributed by *The Independent* to Dr. C., and withal containing a certificate which gave the lie to his solemn assertions, before giving him a very enthusiastic reception, we should pause and ask for further credentials; and if the British Christians can receive Dr. C. with the enthusiasm which *The Independent* bespeaks for him, with the horns which it placed upon him, they must be more gullible than their 'country cousins.'"

This, so far as *The Independent* is concerned, is certainly well put. *The Chronicle*, in repudiating Dr. Cheever's anti-slavery, is simply true to its antecedents. Always the enemy of the anti-slavery movement, it cannot reasonably be expected to like an uncompromising Abolitionist.

That it is the determination of the leaders in the Congregational denomination to repudiate Dr. Cheever and hand him over, along with us Garrisonians, to the tender mercies of the pro-slavery party, is painfully manifest in the fact that even the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, which has been supposed to represent a more earnest as well as more thorough type of anti-slavery than that which finds utterance through the other papers of its sect, joins *The Independent* and *The Chronicle* in unfriendly criticism. It says:

"We are pointed to Dr. Cheever and his distracted and desolate Church, now one of the plagues of our Zion. We regret to see one, whose fearless faithfulness in respect to the great sin of our land and age we have greatly admired and applauded, driven on, through somewant of balance, into apparent bitterness, censoriousness, and harshness, resulting in untold confusion in his Church, and that wrath of man which worketh not the righteousness of God. As we listened to his late annual sermon before the American Missionary Association in this city, we could not but exclaim, 'Alas! for the Missionary flame that is kindled at such an altar as this.' The abolitionism which affiliates with the haters of evangelical religion is not ours, and we construe, as a warning to all good men, this terrible penalty of habitual censoriousness."

The orthodoxy "which affiliates" with South-side Adams, Dr. Lord, Dr. Spring and the other evangelical advocates and apologists for slavery, is quite tolerable to the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, notwithstanding its anti-slavery professions; but it cannot bear the abolitionism which invites the coöperation of all the earnest haters of slavery, of whatever religious creed. In building up its sect, it welcomes the cooperation even of those who baptize man-stealing in the name of Christ; in pulling down slavery it repudiates the help of all who do not pronounce its evangelical shibboleth. Do we need other evidence than this of the spurious quality of the anti-slavery which that paper represents?

Homes for the Children.—A very interesting company of children left the office of the Children's Aid Society on Tuesday afternoon, 24th ult., in charge of Mr. A. P. Johnson, who will place them in good homes in the West. For some time past this Society has been sending companies of children every two weeks, and consequently their expenses have been large, and they are much in need of funds to carry forward their work in a successful manner.

Aaron M. Powell will give a discourse in commemoration of the West India Emancipation, at Ghent, on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Aug. 5.

THE INDEPENDENT'S ATTACK UPON DR. CHEEVER.

OFFICIAL REPLY OF THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

Communicated for the Standard.

On the day that Christ was crucified, "Herod and Pilate were made friends." The antagonism between the proud Jew chafing under a foreign yoke, and the haughty Roman exulting in the exercise of triumphant power, was merged in the deadlier antagonism which they mutually felt against the Divine Representative and Embodiment of Truth and Love. He had come with all the seals and credentials of Messiahship, proclaiming liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound; propounding in the temple, in the synagogue, in the street, in the highway, and on the mount, the eternal principles of justice and humanity; affirming the universal brotherhood and equal rights of man; and prescribing a system of ethics which, if carried out in its true spirit, would convert this earth into a paradise of inconceivable loveliness and glory; and Jew and Gentile, Pharisee and Sadducee, Lawyer and Scribe, men of every party and every creed, conspired against Him to put Him to death.

The great Apostle, also, whose peculiar commission was to abolish ancient prejudices, to break down the middle wall of partition, and thus open the gates of the new dispensation to all people, proclaiming, to the end of the world, the precious truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth," met with trials and persecutions paralleled only in the history of his Lord. Alexander the coppersmith was but a specimen of those false brethren who did him much harm, some of whom went so far in their hypocrisy and malignity as even to preach Christ through envy and strife, supposing thereby to add afflictions to his bonds.

It is wonderful to see how, as face answers to face in a glass, so human nature answers to itself in every age. Eighteen centuries have passed, amid the resplendent light of Christianity, and yet we have repeated to-day in New York, in their essence and spirit, the crimes and follies of Jerusalem and Philippi. In this land, one of her chosen and favorite seats, a system of iniquity, unequalled in injustice and cruelty since the world began, is maintained and defended under the sanction of law. Four millions of human beings, made in the image of God, and admitted in the Declaration of Independence, under the unquestionable claims of a self-evident truth, to have an inalienable right to liberty, are ruthlessly robbed of their manhood, and degraded to the condition of articles of merchandise. No political party or ecclesiastical body has, as yet, had the virtue to espouse their cause. The Priest and the Levite have passed by on the other side. A Good Samaritan, here and there, of whom it was said, whether justly or unjustly, that he knew not what he worshipped, has dropped a tear of sympathy over their misfortunes and lifted a pitying voice in their behalf. At length God has raised up a witness within the Church, a man of genius, culture, eloquence and unquestionable orthodoxy and piety, and placed him in the centre of this metropolis, and given him such a comprehensive view of the crime and its consequences, and set his heart on fire with such divine charity, that he has been compelled to cry aloud and spare not, till the nation and the world have begun to listen to his words. He has simply reaffirmed the great principles enunciated by Moses, and Christ, and Paul, and, standing in the presence of the American Pharaoh, has said, in the name of God, Let my people go! On this account he has been deserted by the clergy, his Church has been rent, and the press, both religious and secular, has denounced him as a fanatic, a madman, and a traitor. And now, at the moment of his departure for Europe, on a mission of incalculable importance to the cause of Christianity and freedom, two famous Christian (!) journals, *The Observer* and *Independent*, as hostile in spirit as the Jewish Tetrarch and the Roman Governor, have forgotten their differences, and united in a deadly thrust at this holy man. Inasmuch as *The Independent* is an organ of the denomination to which Dr. Cheever belongs, and owes much of its circulation and influence to his contributions, its attack is deemed most offensive, and the Church of the Puritans, by a vote of 67 to 7, have appointed a committee to reply to its misrepresentations and calumnies. We, therefore, now address ourselves to the task.

The Independent professes to write in reply to an urgent request from a Glasgow merchant, who, though *an Abolitionist of the strongest school*, could not understand how it happened, that a Church which was faithful and true on the subject of slavery in the city of New York, could become so embarrassed in its finances as to need foreign aid. Now, the mere statement of the case is sufficient to show the real position of *The Independent*, for the veriest child in the family of a *bona fide* Abolitionist of ordinary intelligence knows that the normal condition of such a Church, in the present state of public sentiment, is one of unpopularity and consequent embarrassment.

It would not require a very careful perusal of the "controversial documents" of the Church to ascertain that "there would be no difficulty in supporting the ministry in that Church, if the church-members were united in each other and in their pastor"; but if *The Independent* had examined those multifarious publications which, "at intervals of three years, have emanated from that Church 'like a swarm of locusts,'" with the care and thoroughness which its deep interest in our affairs would have led us to expect, it would have found that the liquidation of the debt in May, 1859, furnished no proof whatever of an efficient union, but, on the contrary, that the manner in which that liquidation was effected, and the circumstances preceding and attending it, evinced a wide-spread disunion, and demonstrated unequivocally the necessity of an appeal for external or foreign aid. In order to place this point in its true light we shall quote an extract from the "Statement" published by the authors of the appeal:

"At a meeting of the Trustees in December last, the Treasurer reported a debt of $3,500, whereupon one of those gentlemen said that he would not give a dollar toward the payment of it, and advised, as the only means of saving the Church, that Dr. Cheever should be dismissed, and the band of his enemies who had left should be recalled. Another said he had only remained in the Church, for a long time, because it was in trouble, but he would give nothing. One gentleman, who was present and took part on that occasion, had withdrawn his membership in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the Pastor's ministry. These facts were mentioned by an officer of the Board of Trustees to one of the authors of the appeal, and he assured him, at the same time, that the Church must go down, and further remarked that, in his opinion, no thorough anti-slavery ministry could be sustained in the city of New York.

"Immediately after this meeting, a statement appeared in a letter of the New York correspondent of a Boston journal that Dr. Cheever had resigned.

"It was obvious that dissatisfaction existed, and there was reason to fear that at the annual meeting in March, when the debt should be announced, it would be seized and set forth as an evidence of the inefficiency and unpopularity of the Pastor's ministry, and a proposition be made for his removal. In order to obviate this danger, Dr. Cheever and one of his warmest supporters made a special effort, and succeeded in obtaining from parties in and out of the Church about half the amount of the debt. At the annual meeting, when the announcement was made that this sum had been raised and deposited in the bank, the opponents of Dr. Cheever saw that their plan was defeated. An official member of the Church then offered to give $250 toward the remainder of the debt, provided the whole amount should be raised by the 1st of May, and $1,000 pledged to meet the probable deficiency of the next year. Others followed with promises of various sums, upon a similar condition. It was thought by some that the demand for the pledge was unnecessary, but in order to secure the amounts thus proposed, it was given on the spot—the young men of the Church, with a noble generosity, offering from $25 to $100 each from their limited incomes.

"The hope was cherished that, after this demonstration, the disaffected parties, seeing that their designs were frustrated, would give up their opposition.

"After the annual meeting, about $800 of the debt still remained, and a committee was appointed to raise the amount by the first of May. Meanwhile, an application was made to the Church by the agent of the Congregational Union for a contribution to aid weak Churches in the West: $3,000 were subscribed.

"A large portion of the sum was given by those who cannot be relied upon in an extremity brought on by a conflict with the Slave Power, and several wealthy members, who would not give one dollar to the liquidation of the debt, contributed $250 each for this object. In the end, a few who are devoted to the principles of Freedom were obliged, in order to secure the sums conditionally pledged, to postpone for a time the payment of the money they had promised to the weak Churches in the West, and apply them to their own weak Church in the East."

From this extract it will appear that the disunion of the Church was the *cause* of the appeal; and the formal avowal, on the part of *The Independent*, at this late stage of the proceedings, after the facts have all been laid before the British Churches for months, that if the Church of the Puritans were united it would be able to support itself, is just about as unnecessary as it would be to publish an editorial of two columns and a half to convince our brethren on the other side of the water that "union is strength," that "two and two make four," or that Drs. Thompson, Storrs and Bacon—being ministers of the gospel and belonging to the same denomination with Dr. Cheever, and professing to believe with him that "American slavery is an unjust and impious thing; that it ought to be abolished; and that all patriotic and Christian men, in their various places, and with their various means of influence, ought to coöperate to that end, relying on God Almighty's help"—*should* sympathize with him and sustain him, both in the pulpit and in the press, in his heroic efforts to make known and enforce the testimony of God's Word on this subject, for the purpose of awakening the Church to a sense of its duty, and startling the nation into repentance and renunciation of its crime.

The Independent proceeds:

"2. Whatever may have been the original ground of controversy and division in the Church of the Puritans, its present distractions *have no connection whatever with the subject of slavery*. The quarrel is entirely upon personal grounds and side issues."

To this statement we give *an emphatic and unqualified denial. We affirm, most solemnly, that there is no quarrel in the Church of the Puritans apart from the subject of slavery;* and that, as far as Dr. Cheever and his supporters are concerned, they have no controversy whatever with any man, either in the Church or Society, on personal grounds. We go further, and say that, in our opinion the opposition to Dr. Cheever and his ministry has its sole origin in slavery, and that the objection to the British mission is a miserable pretence to conceal an unwillingness to bear the reproach, or make the sacrifices involved in the faithful maintenance and support of the cause of emancipation. In confirmation of this opinion we present the following quotation from a speech delivered by Dr. Hartt, at a meeting of the Society in which that subject was under discussion:

"Now, what are the facts? Since the annual meeting in March, 1858, there have been thirteen members of the Board of Trustees, exclusive of those who were chosen at the late election. Of these thirteen, I think it can be shown conclusively that eleven have arrayed themselves in direct antagonism to Dr. Cheever and his ministry. When I last had the pleasure of addressing you, I gave you an account of a meeting of the Board which took place in December, 1858. Of the nine members who then composed the Board, one had quietly left the Society several months before, and joined the Tabernacle. His last attendance upon the meetings of the Board recorded in its minutes occurred in the spring of 1858. The second was one of the signers of the famous letter to Dr. Cheever. The third had also seceded, and was present at the meeting in December. The fourth was so profoundly dissatisfied that he had begun to imagine that even the staunch veteran, Fairbank, had caught the contagion, and ventured to declare it as a fact on that occasion, although it was well known that that gentleman was then engaged in raising $1,000 to present as a donation to Dr. Cheever. His subsequent history has fully sustained his reputation. The last I heard of him was that his name was on the list of the subscribers to the letter recently addressed to Charles O'Conor, requesting him to publish his speech, delivered at the Academy of Music, to prove that American slavery is a good, just, and beneficent institution.

"The fifth had, until recently, professed the strongest friendship, but now he appeared as a determined foe, refusing to give a cent to liquidate a debt of over $3,000, which was reported by the Treasurer, and affirming that the best policy that could be adopted would be to dismiss Dr. Cheever and call back the men who had left, and whom he, in conjunction with the Church, had branded before the world as false to freedom and truth, and as slanderers of the Pastor. The sixth refused also to give anything towards the payment of the debt, stating that he continued his attendance upon the Church only because it was in difficulty. He afterwards told Dr. Cheever, in my presence, that the Church was not fulfilling its mission. In the early part of last summer he left, but he has suddenly reappeared, attracted, I presume, as before, by the difficulties and trials in which we are involved.

"The seventh reported the proceedings of this meeting to me, not as a professional secret, but as facts in which we were mutually interested in consequence of our relationship to this Church, assuring me, at the same time, that he concurred with his brethren, and was fully convinced that no thorough anti-slavery ministry could be sustained in the city of New York.

"I come now to the eighth in this notable series, a man of great anti slavery pretensions, and the author, I believe, of that glowing eulogium on Dr. Cheever presented to the Church on the 4th of June, 1857. I do not know whether he was present at the famous meeting in December, or not. His first attack was shrewd and insidious. He appeared on the field, just before the annual meeting in March, 1859, as the friend of Dr. Cheever. He came with the olive branch in his hand. It was understood that Mr. Fairbank, Mr. Berry and myself were to be candidates for the Board of Trustees. He said that personally he had no objection to either of us, but there were wealthy, influential, conservative members of the society whom he desired to conciliate, and who would never endure the election of three such radicals at one and the same time. He therefore proposed that I should withdraw in favor of a member of the Society of whom I had never heard, and who had not been conspicuous as an advocate of the principles and interests of the Church. He managed his cause so adroitly that my brethren, Fairbank and Berry, were carried away with his dissimulation, and advised me to yield to his solicitations, especially as he agreed that I should be chosen at the first election thereafter. In consequence of the position assumed by my friends, I felt embarrassed, and finally consented to withdraw, at the same time assuring them that my own opinion remained unchanged, and that our true policy was radicalism and boldness. Since that time, this gentleman has publicly and privately declared his hostility to the continuance of Dr. Cheever in the pulpit of this Church.

"We come now to the ninth. This gentleman was always exceedingly liberal in his contributions to the Church, and was regarded as a true friend of Dr. Cheever. But, a few months ago, when the pressure from the South, arising from the marvellous exhibition of disinterested benevolence and lofty principle on the part of that great Christian hero and patriot, John Brown, became strong, and brought down to the dust so many merchant princes, he suddenly resigned his presidency of the Board of Trustees, and requested his dismission from the Church. He subsequently declared to Dr. Cheever that he was opposed to his course in respect to slavery.

"The tenth is the conservative gentleman who was elected as my substitute. I have had only one conversation with him, in the course of which he informed me that he dissented decidedly from the views of Dr. Cheever on the subject of slavery. He intimated to me that he intended to leave the Society, and when I urged him to have first an interview with Dr. Cheever, he peremptorily declined, saying that his mind was made up.

"The eleventh was always regarded as a warm friend of Dr. Cheever and his cause, until he was startled one Sabbath morning by the appearance of a colored man, dressed in livery, occupying a conspicuous seat in the Church. Without authority either from the Society or the Church, he assumed the responsibility of requesting him to remove. A mild rebuke from the Pastor, setting forth the glaring inconsistency of a negro pew in the Church of the Puritans, so grievously offended him that he has ever since been found in the ranks of the opposition."

With regard to the insinuation that, in the Church of the Puritans, a man is screwed into a procrustean bed; that perfect uniformity of sentiment is demanded on slavery, on the deeds and death of John Brown, and on the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt; and that every member who does not come up to the standard of the Pastor on these points is looked upon with suspicion, or made the subject of discipline, we declare to be utterly baseless and false, and that we know of no Church where a larger latitude is given to individual opinion, so long as the heart beats true to the fundamental principles of truth and righteousness.

Under this head, also, we find an allusion to the suit which has been instituted before the Courts by the Trustees who were elected in March last, and a most unfounded intimation that that suit grew out of infirmities of speech and temper. *The Independent* might have learned, without perplexing itself with the multifarious documents of the Church, by simply referring to the opinion of Justice Mullen, that the object of the appeal to the Courts was to prevent candidates who received a minority of votes in a secret ballot, and who were declared defeated at the time by Judges who belonged to their own side and voted for them, from usurping the places of those who received a majority of votes, and who were declared elected, in consequence of a false certificate, given upon an *ex parte* examination and rejection of votes, several days after the election.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh paragraphs are devoted to the discussion of the subject in its financial aspects. We do not know whether most to admire the conceit, the ignorance, or the arrogance of these paragraphs. Who authorized, or *could* authorize, *The Independent* thus to step in and give its opinion upon matters respecting which it had obviously derived its information from *ex parte* statements, and with which it had nothing to do? Are Dr. Cheever and the friends who acted with him in making the appeal to the Churches of Great Britain so dishonest, or so ignorant, or deficient in business talent that they may not be trusted to devise their own plans both for the procurement and appropriation of the funds they require? Or are the editors of *The Independent* the clerical Rothschilds of the land, with a general commission to superintend the financial affairs of all ecclesiastical corporations? Or are we to indulge them in this apparently most unwarrantable interference, on the ground of their habitual affection for us and our cause? Perhaps the remembrance of their kind offices in the *ex parte council*, which refused to receive a protest of Dr. Cheever, though it was declared by the Clerk to be an official document, and solemnly declared that a body of factious men *were members of the Church*, whose names had, months before, by a formal vote, been erased from the books, should serve to excuse them in our eyes.

Or perhaps we should be softened towards them by the thought of the repeated hints they have given to our Pastor that they would cheerfully relieve him from the responsibility and toil of continuing his contributions to *The Independent*. If they had not been so oppressed with the "swarms of locusts," and had ventured to examine the numerous documents, they would have learned that all the principal facts which they mention were faithfully recorded for the benefit of the British people. The ground rent of $1,500, the $22,000 required to meet it, the $50,000 or $100,000 desired to establish our noble citadel upon the foundation of a free Church where all might come, without restraint, from North and South, East and West, rich and poor, slavemaster and Abolitionist, Democrat and Republican saint and sinner, to hear the doctrines of primitive Christianity from the lips of an earnest and faithful man of God—all this was stated frankly and without reserve. But we did not say that *American securities were worthless*, or that the money we might procure would have to be invested in a sinking fund, and would most probably be lost. We did not promise to consult our anxious friends, the clerical Rothschilds, and therefore had no fear. Nor did we deem it necessary to explain the law in relation to the constitution and powers of the Society, for we had not the remotest idea of placing the funds we might obtain in their hands. We did not even propose to commit it to the charge of the Church, though, as at present constituted we have unbounded confidence therein; for who can tell what changes may occur? We shall here quote again from the speech of Dr. Hartt before the Society:

"At the same time, as we wish to be frank, even to a fault, in this matter, we have no hesitation in saying that there were other considerations which impelled us to the course we adopted. Our great object in applying to British Churches for aid was to raise a fund, not to support the Church of the Puritans, or any other Church, as a mere ecclesiastical organization, but to sustain the ministry of Dr. Cheever free and untrammelled, in this edifice if possible, if not, then in some other. We had no doubt, at the time, that a majority of the Church would sanction the proposed appeal, if all the facts of the case were laid before them. But we knew that it would be an exceedingly delicate and difficult task, under existing circumstances, to present those facts to them in the same clear light in which they appeared to us, or in a form which would give them their legitimate influence. We were also aware that a large and influential minority, from the nature of the case, would bitterly oppose the measure. Besides we had not been unobservant spectators of the manifold changes, defections and desertions which had taken place in our midst, nor were we entirely ignorant of the fact that, in our own party, we had men of the stamp of our good brother B.—men of eminent piety rich in spiritual experience, assimilated in a high degree to the image of God—yet who, in one point of resemblance, signally fail. I allude to that great attribute referred to in the passage which says, with Him 'is no variableness neither shadow of turning.' You will not wonder, then, we felt some doubt with regard to the permanence of our majority, and that we declined to ask the Church to engage in collecting, and consequently to assume the control of, a fund which, by some not improbable changes in the views of individuals and the relations of parties, might be used for the very opposite purpose from that for which it was raised, or not used at all."

But if we have not chosen to commit the fund into the hands of the Society or the Church, neither would we subscribe to the course recommended by *The Independent*, of presenting it as a testimonial to Dr. Cheever *as a man, secured and guarded* for his sole *personal* use and benefit. We do not think the Slave Power itself could, under the circumstances, desire anything better for its cause. No! Whatever is given to Dr. Cheever will be presented to him as the representative of the great principles which are so dear to his heart, and which he so faithfully and powerfully maintains. We still prefer the plan originally proposed, of entrusting the fund to Dr. Cheever and a committee to be chosen by him, with the understanding that it shall be applied to the support of the Church of the Puritans, so long as she shall continue faithfully and thoroughly to sustain the sacred cause of freedom; and that, in the event of her desertion or betrayal of that cause, then it shall be devoted to the establishment of another Church, on the basis of a true, Christian, undying hostility to slavery, or some other auxiliary anti-slavery object.

Our friends in Great Britain may now decide upon the expediency of sending over a committee to ascertain the facts concerning our Church, or whether it would not be better to appoint a commission to inquire into the moral and mental sanity of *The Independent* and other similar pro-slavery journals.

The Independent, having buried out of sight, in a flood of tears, the Church of the Puritans and its controversy, seems suddenly to find relief in the contemplation of Dr. Cheever's visit to Great Britain. Smarting under the lash of British anti-slavery sentiment, applied so unrelentingly by Dr. Candlish, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Batchelor and others, it curiously forgets the occasion of the flagellation inflicted, and seeks consolation in the reflection that the great American Abolitionist who is about to appear before the British Churches and people is no pretender with lying lips, but one whose tone of anti-slavery sentiment is as clear, strong, high and full as any ever uttered in the land of Wilberforce and Cowper. For—oh, the power of self-stultification and habit of deception!—"Dr. Cheever himself is only a *production* and *representative* of the genuine Christian anti-slavery sentiment of the United States"! It is true that his Church has, for years, been the scene of perpetual disturbance, in consequence of his burning words against slavery, while other anti-slavery Churches, so called, have been at peace and flourishing exceedingly. It is true that he has been deserted and everywhere denounced as a fanatic, while other anti slavery ministers, so called, have retained their popularity unimpaired. It is true he has recently been burned in effigy, within view of his own church, by an insensate crowd, urged forward to their impious deed by merchant princes, and, as far as we know, not a word has been spoken publicly in condemnation of it. It is true that the same ship which bears him to Great Britain, on a mission involving incalculable interests, carries also the shameful attack of *The Independent* to obstruct him in his path. Nevertheless, he is only a *product and representative of the Christian anti-slavery sentiment of the land!* For he did not originate it. He did not make the discovery that slavery is a sin! There were other men before his day who had the sense to know that a man made in the image of God was not and could not be a beast! The Phelpses, the Leavitts, the Tappans, Dr. Hopkins, the second Edwards, and the great body of the Congregational ministers and churches held, as strongly as he does, the "absolute sinfulness of holding human beings as chattels, and the unmitigated wickedness of the whole system of American slavery." And Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle, is not a whit behind them all in disclaiming the "wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man"!

But let not *The Independent* boast of its theological acumen in this respect, or that of the honored and reverend gentlemen and ecclesiastical body to which it has referred, for Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine—both avowed infidels—understood not only that a man could not be held as a chattel, but that it was a *self-evident truth* that he had an inalienable right to liberty. A man property! A person a thing! As well may you call a thing a person! *And there is no greater confusion of terms in saying that a horse or a house owns, than in saying that a person is owned!* A savage alone should be excused for such an anomaly in language or ethics. But *The Independent* refers with great pride to the fact that "the New York State Congregational Association, at a full meeting held in the Broadway Tabernacle church, in this city, in September last, passed a resolution declaring that the holding of human beings as *property* is, in all cases, an immorality," &c., and ascribes the honor of presenting it, *in the above shape*, to Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, one of its reverend editors. In *the above shape!* These words are the key by which we may understand, to a great extent, the misrepresentation and jesuitism which have begun to characterize this journal. Who would imagine, for a moment, in reading the account of the passage of this resolution, in *The Independent*, that Dr. Cheever had anything to do with it? And yet this resolution is but an amendment to one in a stronger and clearer form, introduced by Dr. Cheever, and ably and earnestly advocated by him. Nor is there any reason, as far as we know, to suppose that the subject of slavery would have been brought before that body at all, had it not been for this movement on his part. And what is the difference in the *shape* of this resolution and that to which it was an amendment? *The American Missionary* for October, 1859, published a short article on this subject, which we transcribe:

"The following resolution, among others, was passed by the New York State Congregational Association, at its recent session in this city:

"Resolved, That the holding of human beings as property is, in all cases, an immorality, the renunciation of which ought to be made a condition of membership in the Christian Church; and that this sin is one against which the law of God and the gospel ought to be proclaimed in preaching, persistently, until this iniquity be overthrown.

"We are afraid that many slaveholders will evade the force of this resolution, by the subterfuge that they do not hold property in the man, but only in his services, and on this account would have preferred the original resolution, as introduced by Dr. Cheever, which we give below:

"Resolved, That the holding of slaves is, in all cases, an immorality, the renunciation of which ought to be made a condition of membership in the Christian Church; and that the sin of slaveholding is one against which the law of God ought to be proclaimed in preaching, persistently, until this iniquity be overthrown."

The difference in the language of these resolutions indicates the grand distinction between the position of Dr. Cheever on the subject of slavery and that of *The Independent* and its theological school. We do not claim for him the originality of discovering a self-evident truth, or of finding out principles engraven on the heart of man, by the finger of God, since the foundation of the world. On the subject of discovery we deem it enough to say that he has delivered the Hebrew system of service from the load of mistranslation and misinterpretation which had encumbered it for ages, and brought it out in its true light, as a just, wise, beneficent and voluntary system; and has shown that, inasmuch as its laws remained under the new dispensation, they became the laws of the Christian Churches, and, therefore, rendered slavery in those Churches impossible, and that he has thus reconstructed the scriptural argument, and triumphantly vindicated the Bible from all complicity with this great sin and wrong.

But the great distinguishing feature of Dr. Cheever's course, and that which has brought down upon him the bitter hostility of Church and State, is not the thoroughness of his discussion nor the reconstruction of the biblical argument, but the immovable will and terrible earnestness of purpose with which he has obviously set to work, not merely to prevent the extension of slavery into Territories which as yet it has not reached, but by every means, ecclesiastical and political, to abolish it where it exists.

Now, if there be one thing more than another at which the heart of the great mass of the people of the North revolts with utter detestation and horror, it is the proposition for immediate and entire abolition. The very word is insufferable to them, for they instinctively associate it with the restraint or suppression of the two master passions of the American mind—the love of wealth and the love of the Union. They know that the general agitation of the question would seriously disturb the commercial relations, at least for a time, and *might* possibly lead to the severance of the political tie that binds them. They do not like slavery, and would devoutly rejoice if, by some grand miracle of Providence, it should disappear in a night; and they are willing to oppose it, as far as they can, without running the risk of driving their brethren at the South to the frenzy of a commercial or political insurrection.

In addition to these considerations the Northern ecclesiastical organizations have peculiar relations and interests which they wish to subserve. With them the separation between a Northern and Southern section of a Church is a calamity almost as disastrous as the dissolution of the Union. But the conscience of the Northern section may be somewhat sensitive on the entire compatibility of slaveholding with church membership. A serious embarrassment occurs. But just here the State Legislatures of the South step in and enact laws prohibiting the emancipation of slaves without their removal from their respective States. And now the pious slaveholder, whose money and vote, perchance, helped to make the law, comes forward and pleads this very law in excuse for continuing to hold his brother in chains, pretending that he no longer holds him as property, but he retains him as a man who cannot provide for himself or a child which he desires to educate; and so, under this benevolent pretext, he may keep him, to all intents and purposes, as his slave forever. Who does not see that no attempt to exclude from the Church those who hold human beings as property can ever succeed, if those who sustain the legal relation be allowed to enter on the plea of good intentions and justificatory circumstances?

But as there is a quietus for the Northern conscience in the Church, so is there also in the State. The policy of non-extension was fortunately adopted by the founders of the Government, who undoubtedly regarded slavery as an evil which would speedily expire. It has likewise always had able and influential advocates in the political arena. A large body in the South, until recently, approved and defended it; and even now, when sagacious slaveholders see that it is necessarily based upon the admission that their system is wrong, and both involves moral censure and the principle of political inequality in the States, though noisy remonstrance is made and insulting reproaches are cast upon the party which maintains it, yet it is well understood that, in the event of its triumph, no disturbance whatever would follow.

The Independent and its disciples and friends diligently avail themselves of both these subterfuges. They boldly and unhesitatingly declare that slavery is a sin and ought to be excluded from the Church. But if you ask them to take the only method by which that object can be accomplished, and refuse admission to all who hold either the moral or legal relation, they will reply with indignation, that it is a most fanatical and unwarrantable demand.

They will also solemnly declare that slavery ought to be *abolished*; but ask them if they are Abolitionists, and they will laugh you to scorn, telling you that that is a technical term by which a certain sect of infidels in the country is designated, and a few hair-brained enthusiasts like Dr. Cheever and the Church of the Puritans. They accept the general interpretation of the Constitution, and believe that it so permits or sanctions slavery in the States where it exists, that neither Congress nor the Supreme Court has any authority to disturb it, and that the General Government is bound to protect its vested rights and interests, so that, in the event of an insurrection of the slaves, it would be compelled, to the full extent of its powers, to resist them and drive them back to the chain, the auction-block and the lash. In a recent article on Mr. Sumner's great speech, *The Independent* says: "He knows how to distinguish between the moral *duty* of opposing slavery every where by all *moral* means, and the *political right* to interfere with it in sovereign States, over whose institutions Congress has no power of legislation."

Now, we should think that a man with a good healthy conscience who really held this view of the Constitution, and understood the duties which it imposed upon the Government in relation to slavery, and his own responsibilities as a citizen of this Republic, would feel that his first duty was to labor for its amendment; and until he saw a reasonable prospect of accomplishing that object, he would scarcely feel himself at liberty to denounce as madmen those who, with similar views on that subject, demand a dissolution of the Union.

But Dr. Cheever holds no such opinion of the Constitution. He regards it as a sacred bill of rights, framed expressly to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty, and diametrically opposed to slavery both in letter and spirit. He agrees with the remark made, a few days ago, to a member of this committee by one of the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of the country, that "*if public sentiment were right, the Constitution would be right.*"

We may now understand how it happens that the great body of anti slavery ministers retain their popularity. They go no further than the South will allow and continue their trade, nor will they advance one step beyond the line where they are cheered and sustained by the approval and concurrence of a great political party.

Dr. Cheever, on the contrary, despises compromise or subterfuge in every sphere. With the Bible in his hand, he denounces sin, whether in Church, or Court, or Congress, or ecclesiastical association, or political party, and demands that the slaveholder be excluded from the Church, and the slave be delivered from his chains.

He is followed to Europe by the sympathies and prayers of all in America who admire Christian heroism, or love the cause of the oppressed. He will go there not in the spirit of arrogance or strife, to fight every windmill that the strange fancies of *The Independent* may suggest, but, in the spirit of love and of a sound mind, to confer with his brethren upon the measures which should be adopted, both there and here, to pull down the strongholds of sin, and defeat the machinations of wicked men.

Signed, in behalf of the Committee,

HENRY A. HARTT, Chairman.

FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION.

LETTER FROM REV. HENRY BLEBY.

BARBADOS, 8th July, 1860.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I read with great interest your report in THE STANDARD of speeches delivered at the late anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and was very glad to see that Dr. Cheever had come up now to the right platform. H. W. Beecher ought to be there also. His time-serving policy detracts much from his reputation in the estimation of right-minded men. With profound regret I saw in the English newspapers the announcement of Theodore Parker's death. His removal will be a loss to the Anti-Slavery cause: but however the workmen may fall, God, whose cause it is, will carry on the work to its consummation. It must triumph.

I enclose two slips from newspapers for THE STANDARD, if you think fit to insert them.* The Mr. Jordan referred to in one of them as a colored gentleman, and President of the Privy Council of Jamaica, I am personally acquainted with. He is a self-made man, whose education was chiefly obtained in our Mission schools; and I remember the time when his "*anti-slavery proclivities*," as some of your Southern editors would call them, brought him within the shadow of the gibbet. He started the first anti-slavery newspaper in the West Indies, sustained by the counsels and aid of the Missionaries; and led the conflict which terminated in the removal of the civil and political disabilities under which the colored people groaned in Jamaica, and in placing them on an equality with their white fellow subjects. After this he nobly fought the anti slavery battle, until emancipation was conceded. But it nearly cost him his life in 1832, when the struggle was at its height. In the newspaper under his care he said, in closing one of his editorial articles: "We shall be glad, with Mr. B. and other friends of humanity, to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, to bring down the system by the run, knock off the fetters and let the oppressed go free." On these simple words was based a charge of constructive treason, and Mr. Jordan was indicted for a capital felony—the result, as it afterwards transpired of a conspiracy to get rid of the hated opponent of slavery, to which the then Governor, a miserably weak tool of the planters, was a party; he having agreed to sign a warrant for Mr. Jordan's execution, in the event of a conviction being obtained. But the conspirators were baffled. Although Mr. Jordan was suddenly arraigned, and placed on his trial without any notice or warning—the whole proceeding being conducted with profound secrecy until the Grand Jury had found a true bill—he was ably and successfully defended by the first colored barrister who practised in the Jamaica courts Mr. Watkis, a man of eminent talent; and through the stubborn fidelity of Mr. Osborn, a colored partner of Mr. Jordan, who refused, though more than once committed for contempt, to answer the questions put to him by the prosecutor, the attempt to prove publication failed, and the case broke down. This wicked effort to injure and destroy an innocent man led to his present elevation. Since that time Mr. Jordan became more popular with the free colored people than he had ever been; and they, indignant at the villany which had been attempted, and being sufficiently numerous to control the elections, on the occurrence of the next vacancy chose Mr. J. as their representative in the Legislature, where he pursued an honorable career, commanding respect, and increasing in influence, for many years. He was afterwards elevated to the Council, the superior branch of the Legislature: and has been for several years the Prime Minister of the island, in which office he has earned the honorable distinction which the Queen has recently conferred upon him. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. J. has been associated in the highest offices of the government with the man who, as Acting Advocate General, took a leading part in the prosecution which was intended to cut short his career by an ignominious death. It is a favorite notion with your South-side gentry that colored men have no administrative or governing talent—taking good care, however, never to suffer the experiment to be tried where they have influence to prevent it; but here we see a colored man selected from the midst of a large body of whites, many of whom are men of unquestionable ability, to initiate and carry on a new form of responsible government, analogous to that of the British Ministry, which has been eminently successful. It is an acknowledged fact that the financial condition of the colony has never been so prosperous as since this colored man has filled the office of Premier.

Recently in Antigua a colored gentleman has been appointed to a seat in the Legislative Council; and in this island, where more of the old-time prejudice against color remains than I have found in any other British Colony, Mr. Prescott, a colored man, is one of the leading spirits in the Colonial Parliament, having recently received appointments to more than one lucrative public office. Such a reaction in public sentiment has occurred in these islands within my own recollection, resulting from the abolition of slavery and the removal of colored disabilities, that I think it quite within the bounds of possibility that we may yet see such men as our friends Garrison and Wendell Phillips chosen to fill high offices in the United States, and reaping honors to which their well-tried fidelity to the cause of humanity richly entitles them. Twenty-eight years ago the gibbet appeared far more likely to be the destiny of Edward Jordan in Jamaica than the Premiership which he now so worthily and ably fills. I am, my dear sir, very truly, yours,

HENRY BLEBY.

* The extracts alluded to are as follows.—*Ed. Stand.*

The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Philip Edmund Wodehouse, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Colony of British Guiana, to be an Ordinary Member of the Civil Division of the Third Class, or Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath. James Walker, Esq., the acting Governor of Trinidad, has also been appointed a C.B., and the Hon. Edward Jordan, President of the Privy Council, Jamaica. Mr. Jordan is a gentleman of color and, though born in Jamaica, is the son of a Barbadian. —*Barbados Globe.*

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN JAMAICA.—At a public meeting held in the city of Kingston on the 3d ult., the Rev. J. Edmonson, Wesleyan Minister, in the chair, E. B. Underhill, Esq., Secretary of the London Baptist Missionary Society, stated as follows: He had ridden for many miles through the settlements of the people, had seen lands extensively cleared for provisions, and great numbers of houses erected on every side. Let it be assumed that 50,000 families have so settled; that each family possesses three acres of land, that each family has furniture and clothes to the value of £10, to say nothing of horses, carts, pigs, and other property. Let it be supposed that each acre has cost on the average £3 and each home £5, and then will have been realized, since freedom, property to the amount of nearly a million and a quarter pounds sterling. If, further, there be allowed to be 100,000 acres under cultivation, and the value of the produce be reckoned at £12 the acre, we have an annual production in provisions alone of £1,200,000. The number of acres under cultivation by the black people has been stated at 300,000, and the average value of an acre at from £15 to £20. Thus 200,000 acres are allowed for other productions. But the negroes of Jamaica are the real growers of sugar, coffee, pimento, ginger, &c. The property of much of this produce may be in the hands of the white man, but the labor by which they are sent to market is that of the black man. The annual value of these articles of export cannot be less than £600,000, which, added to the value of provisions, gives a total of £1,800,000. Probably not less than two millions are thus raised by the people; so that, since freedom, something short of forty millions of pounds must have been the value of the labor expended on the soil of Jamaica by its enfranchised peasantry.—*Jamaica Tribune.*

KIDNAPPING IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE following article is from the Philadelphia *North American and U. S. Gazette* of Monday last:

THE WRONG MAN CAPTURED—*Another Fugitive Slave Case.*—At Fifth and Market street, on Saturday morning, was enacted a somewhat singular scene—a scene whose results will probably bring a good deal of tribulation for the United States Deputy Marshals. The way in which the scene was brought about was in this wise. On the previous afternoon, three men arrived in the city from Georgetown, D. C. They exhibited a power of attorney to the U. S. Marshal, and announced as the cause of their presence in Philadelphia that they were authorized to undertake the rendition to servitude of one Ben Hurd, a slave who had escaped to Philadelphia from one Joshua Bateman, of Georgetown, his lawful owner.

A warrant was obtained from Judge Cadwallader for the capture of the alleged runaway, and on Saturday morning Deputy Marshals Sharkey and Jenkins, in company with three negro-hunters, started in pursuit of the concealed fugitive. Supposing, very naturally, that the runaway had obtained employment as waiter in one of the hotels, the quintette—three Columbians and two Marshals—started upon the tour of discovery among the various hotels. They had almost given up the search, when, between 8 and 9 a. m. on Saturday, in passing up Fifth street, near Market, a stalwart colored man, driving a dray toward them, burst upon their delighted view. The dray contained a load of dry goods packages. A shout of exultation went up from the Columbians, as they hastily examined the *tout ensemble* of the negro. "That's the rascal!" said one. "The very nigger!" exclaimed the other. "Catch the runaway, Mr. Marshal!" cried the third; and, without another word, Messrs. Sharkey and Jenkins seized the horse by the head. The "nigger" was taken by the leg and the coat collar, and lifted off his dray in a very decided hurry. His wrists were then placed in nippers, and, long before the poor fellow precisely understood what all the proceeding meant, he was hustled into the Marshal's office, at Fifth and Chesnut street.

All this fuss, of course, was not without its results. A crowd collected, and not a few persons commiserating the condition of the black man, as they looked at his pinioned hands and rent garments, wanted to know upon what charge the arrest was made, and what was meant by the whole business. The prisoner very naturally united in the request, and demanded to know why he had been assaulted and imprisoned. At this juncture several citizens came voluntarily forward and informed the officers that they had made a mistake; that the man in their custody, so far from being a fugitive from labor, had been a resident of Philadelphia for many years. When confronted with the outraged man, the Columbians were obliged to yield their point, and, with shamed faces, acknowledged that the present prisoner was not their man.

Of course, after this the prisoner was discharged. His name is James Valentine, who came from a free parentage in Salem, N. J., is now fifty years of age, and has lived in the city since 1826. He has driven a dray for the last twenty-six years, has made some property, and resides in his own house in Whitehall street. We understand that Valentine will bring suit against the Marshals for the assault upon him, a suit whose burden has been thrown upon the Marshals, the Columbians having shaken the dust from their shoes and vacated the city. The Simon-pure Ben Hurd by this time, has probably started for Canada, and the representatives of Mr. Bateman may as well give up his capture as a bad job. If, however, there is a spark of chivalry in the Georgetowners, they will return to the city and rescue the U. S. Marshals from the embarrassing predicament in which they are now placed.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent writes as follows:

"It was another *Adam Gibson* case. The bloodhounds of the law mistook their man. Happily the slave master was not entirely devoid of honesty; otherwise the poor fellow might to-day be in the pen of a Southern slave-trader.

"This circumstance illustrates anew the atrocity of the Fugitive Slave bill. No man is safe under its operation. Our most respectable citizens, if their skins be dark, are liable, like James Valentine, to be seized, manacled, and dragged before heartless officials, with little hope of deliverance, except it be found in the tender mercies of the slaveholder. For since *Judge* Cadwallader has taken the place of *Commissioner* Ingraham, and Jenkins and Sharkey have undertaken to do the work of George Alberti, the captured black man has but little to hope for from our Philadelphia officials.

"We had hoped that our city had seen an end to slave-catching, but since the accession of Cadwallader to the bench, and owing, perhaps, to the ease with which a slave-warrant may now be obtained, the infamous business seems to have acquired a new lease of existence.

"Steps have been taken to bring the perpetrators of this outrage to justice, which I trust will prove successful. They should be prosecuted to the uttermost."

INSULTS TO DR. CHEEVER.

NEW HAVEN, July 28, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Litchfield, Conn., lately delivered the Address in Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Hopkins Grammar School in this city. In speaking of a Mr. Ezekiel Cheever, one of the early teachers in that school, he (Mr. B.) thought it best to draw comparisons —probably overwrought—with the noble Rev. George B. Cheever, of New York. Mr. Ezekiel Cheever, he told us, was petulant, stubborn, spoke evil of the Elders and Ministers, and was finally censured by the then First Church of New Haven, when he removed to Ipswich, after which he became very orderly and peaceable. Mr. B. remarked that he had not studied the genealogy of the Cheevers, but he thought it very likely that the race was not entirely extinct. Of course this "brought down the house," including the CHIEFS of *The Independent*, Doctors Bacon (the father of the speaker) and Thompson, who were present.

This is the hotbed of that spurious (orthodox) anti-slavery, which has *The Independent* for its mouthpiece. Perhaps the Church of the Puritans in New York may take the hint from this youthful prophet and send Dr. Cheever to some Ipswich, where he will not any longer trouble them nor his beloved (?) orthodox brethren. There are many here who honor and love (!) Dr. Cheever, and we heard of at least one instance, during the festivities of the Commencement Week, in which his health was toasted, with a prayer that he might be cured of his insanity. (?)

The above insults to the Doctor, at such a time and under such circumstances, were unpardonable; and they go to prove what has often been said in your paper, that the popular *Church*ianity of America is nothing but the Bulwark of American Slavery.

VERITAS.

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MARTINSBURG, Knox Co., Ohio, July 17, 1860.

DEAR SIR: While on a visit in Pennsylvania, a few weeks since, I met with a number of your valuable paper, and was so well pleased with it that I have not since been able to resist the temptation to send for a copy. It contained matter which is seldom found in any other anti-slavery paper. You will therefore find enclosed two dollars ($2.00) for one year's subscription. If you have back numbers you may commence with the first of the 21st volume, if you see proper.

The causes of anti-slavery and slavery appear to be on the increase. But as God's truth is mighty and will prevail, the latter must sooner or later give way to the former. Heretofore anti-slavery men have not united their efforts as they should have done. There has been too great a disposition, while fighting the enemy, to fight each other also, and thus give slavery the advantage. This ought not to be.

Your Society, if I am rightly informed, look upon the Constitution of the United States as a pro-slavery document, and hold that it is the duty of every one to withhold all allegiance from the Government on this account. There are others, again, who believe that the Constitution can be wielded as an instrument against slavery, and that it is the duty of the people to place men in power who shall make this their special aim.

Those with whom I have been laboring believe that the popular so-called Churches of our country are the great bulwarks of American slavery, and that it is the duty of every good man to withdraw fellowship from those organizations. Let us all, in our different spheres, unite in bearing our uncompromising testimony against the giant wrong of slaveholding, and thus hasten its overthrow.

Yours, etc., J. R. WHITHAM.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS AND READING: A LECTURE, by W. P. Atkinson. Published by request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1860. Pp. 60.

The author, whose attention, as a teacher of young men for many years, has been constantly called to the matters whereof he here treats, does a good service by publishing this lecture. A classical scholar and educated man himself, he is by no means blind to the mistakes which have been committed, and the injury which has been done, by the prevalent exclusiveness, and hostility to *innovation*, which have characterized our higher schools and methods of instruction in past times; and on this much-debated topic he speaks some very good common-sense. Having been called upon, as he tells us, to select and purchase a library, for the use of the men and women employed by a Massachusetts manufacturing company, and afterwards invited to give a lecture to these same persons, he was led to make the library he had selected for them the subject of his lecture, which now is printed for a larger audience. We commend it to all who are wishing good advice in the selection of books.

THEODORE PARKER: A SERMON preached in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, on Sunday, June 3d, 1860. By S. A. Steinthal. Published by request. 18 pp.

A respectful and grateful tribute to Mr. Parker's memory, rendering justice to his great mind and heart, and to his brave, noble life. The writer thinks that Mr. Parker's occasional *bitterness* was a defect of character, and that it arose from a natural resentment at the injustice and misrepresentation which were so largely poured upon him. We think this a mistaken view. However Mr. Parker may have felt towards those who treated *him* ungenerously and unjustly, he seldom if ever spoke of them, unless in words of playful sarcasm. It was against *public* wrong-doers, the upholders of unjust laws, the oppressors of the poor and of the weak, the corrupters of the public morals, both in Church and in State, that he directed his sharp and terrible rebukes. It was needful and right that he should do so. And who can gainsay the essential truth of those words of terrible meaning? or who can deny that they were of most salutary power, shaming the mean and base in high places, inspiriting and strengthening the lovers of justice and freedom everywhere? We quote a paragraph from Mr. Steinthal's interesting discourse:

"One, who was by his dying bed, sent word unto his friends that, in the last sad hours, the sufferer's mind seemed wandering, and he spoke as if there were two Theodore Parkers, one sinking down into the tomb, dying in Florence, and another working on as ever, toiling for man in the busy haunts of his dear Boston home. * * * There was a Theodore Parker dying in that town, so rich in memories of old republican glories: he sleeps there now, the conflict over, surrounded by beauties which it is pleasant to think of round his honored tomb; but there is, and ever will be, another Theodore Parker, the worker, living in the young republic, a spiritual presence of ever-growing power, revered and followed by ever-increasing numbers of earnest hearts, who, clinging not to the words he spoke, but to the spirit which breathed within them, will make his aspirations real, and work out the great ideas of freedom for body, mind and soul, for which he lived, and laboring for which he died."

LES LETTRES D'EVERARD. [The Letters of Everard.] By P. Lanfrey.

All we know of this work is from an article in *The North American Review* for July, on "Recent French Literature"—an instructive and forcible article, written with an independence and frankness of thought which are not usually found in the pages of *The North American*. It does not appear that "The Letters of Everard" have as yet had an English translation; but it is said that "this curious work is in every hand in France," and that the general opinion concedes that its great success is well deserved. It is also said, on alleged authentic grounds, that positive orders were issued in Paris to the entire government press, enjoining that no notice whatever should be taken of the book; for, says the reviewer, "without mentioning the name of the Emperor, it is the most severe attack upon the second Empire that has been published. * * It is an attack also upon France—upon the condition to which her present institutions have brought the French race." All we can do in this notice is to give a few extracts from the book, which may serve to indicate its spirit, and its deep and clear insight into those prevailing social evils and wrongs which affect not France only, but, in different forms, are undermining and poisoning the mental and moral life of what is called modern civilization.

Says the author, as translated by the reviewer—"At all periods of time men are to be met whose ideas, characters, passions, tastes, and prejudices even, are in direct contradiction to the spirit of their age, and who refuse obstinately to bend before that spirit, to bow to the authority of their time. This resistance to the despotic sway of received opinions does not always come, as the crowd likes to declare, from mere eccentricity of temper, which is the pretext of cowards and the excuse of fools. From this revolt have sprung heroes who are the honor of human nature, and by this one particular form of opposition none are tempted save proud and powerful natures." This is a key to the character of the hero, Everard, "one of those solitary strugglers," says the reviewer, "out of harmony with the age; and out of harmony with it precisely because he is in perfect harmony with everything great and noble, and vibrates through every fibre of his whole being to the faintest touch of the sublime. * * * At almost every period of the world's history, there has been some one point in time and space where a despotism has established itself, and been opposed by a resolute few. The chronicles of oppression are everywhere the chronicles of contest, of courage, and mostly of success, that in the end crowns a righteous cause. But what characterizes the actual condition of France is the hopeless, helpless lassitude of an entire race, its complicity in its own debasement, its acquiescence in its own shame. It is against this that M. Lanfrey's hero protests. 'One may rise up against a mere tyrant,' he exclaims, 'and the chances are that your movement will be the signal of a general rising against his force; but you cannot rise up against the heavy, stupid, unimpressible weight of a crowd.' It is against the languid, dull, lethargic state to which the French nation has gradually come that Mr. Lanfrey raises his voice." We quote once more from the book: "In nine cases out of ten, the future reverses the sentence of the immediate past. Nothing is lost in this world, nothing occurs in vain, not even a defeat, when the defeat is suffered in the pursuit of a high and legitimate aim; for—let it be well reflected upon—ultimate success springs, for the most part, only from a long line of lesser failures which break up the path. It is easy to say that his age condemns this man or that—it being a dogma of our time that the judgment of the age is sure to be right; but that proves nothing to the thinker; and were all the maxim-makers of all centuries to rise up against the defeated and condemn him, there is still this to be said —that when so many rare and noble qualities, when love of freedom, honor-worship, fidelity to convictions, noble and disinterested ambition—when these become the inevitable cause of utter ruin to him who clings to them devotedly—of his ruin for the reason that *he clings to them when the epoch has forsworn them*—when the case stands thus, who shall give preference to the age over the man? Who shall hesitate to say where lies the right, and where the crime?"

But we have space for no more, and hardly know whether is greater, our satisfaction that thoughts so vigorous, truthful and bold should have originated and been warmly welcomed in France, or our surprise that *The North American Review* should make itself the medium of their expression in America, so strongly do they rebuke the timid policy and ultra-conservatism which have long made that review well-nigh worthless on all questions relating to the Progress of the Race or Nations, unless to chronicle that progress when it has been achieved. Its commendation of M. Lanfrey's book only makes its own course on the whole parallel question of American slavery the more conspicuously dishonorable. The present number of the review affords an example of what we are saying: In a brief notice of a small volume on the African Slave Trade, by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, issued by the (Boston) American Tract Society, it says (the italics being ours), "This treatise is a cumulative argument of great power, and, *as it makes no assault on the established institutions of the South*, it can hardly fail to find response in the convictions and sympathies of patriotic and Christian men in the slaveholding States. *We believe that slavery as it is should be left to the municipal law of the States in which it exists;* but we rejoice in every strong voice that is raised against a traffic which, *however venial in earlier times*, is *now* an outrage against civilization, humanity and religion." There's fine moral discrimination, consistent ethics and Christian boldness for you! Where will verier twaddle or weaker protest be found! It is the shame of our American learning that it has no manliness or courage, but lies down at the feet of wealth, and covets chiefly the rewards which *good society* can give. We are glad that even France rebukes it.

Summary.

NEW ORLEANS BLACKS IN HAYTI.—A letter from Hayti says the immigrants from New Orleans are doing well in the culture of cotton on the plains of the Artibonite. Twenty-four cotton gins were in operation in that quarter. —*N. O. Picayune.*

A French Armorer has sent to Garibaldi a gift of a coat of mail, dagger proof and bullet proof. Its workmanship is perfect, and it is valued at upwards of five thousand francs. It may be worn under the uniform like a shirt, for it is extremely flexible, light and portable.

Charles Hudson, a farmer, of Mecklenburg County, Va., has been put in the county prison there to await trial for whipping a negro woman to death. The negro was his property, and he charged that she had attempted to fight him. He was promptly arrested.

A PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—The indefatigable Rev. George Trask showed us the other day a beautifully bound copy of his Child's Book on Tobacco, designed to be sent to Queen Victoria. Whether she ever gets it is doubtful, and as she already has forbidden her "boys" to smoke, perhaps she does not need it. The young ones of the royal household will laugh if they ever see the pictures.

Perfect religious liberty for all Protestants has been proclaimed by the Legislative Assemblies of Parma, Modena, Tuscany and the Legations. Naples, Venetia and the Papal States are now the only remaining States of Italy in which the free organization of Protestant congregations is still forbidden. There is a Presbytery of the North of Italy, embracing Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Malta, Gibraltar, Pau, and Cantones.

HOW TO SOLVE THE QUESTION OF COLOR.—An ingenious French philosopher is at present maintaining the hypothesis that the feeding of the negro races continually on exclusively animal food, would effect their conversion into white men! He grounds his belief mainly on the fact that in some districts, where a large quantity of such food is consumed, the peculiarities of the negro physiognomy are considerably reduced.

A NEW DANGER TO THE UNION.—One Joel Belview of Albany, Georgia, offers to match his negro boy Shadrach against Heenan, called the Hittite, for any sum ranging from one to ten thousand dollars. One cannot but tremble in view of the possibility of such a sectional conflict, such a war of races. Mr. Heenan, being a Democrat, must be in sore embarrassment. If he accepts, he may injure Southern property. If he declines, he slights the South. We hope the Union may survive this new peril.—*Providence Journal.*

STATE RIGHTS.—The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has again denied a writ of habeas corpus to Booth, the abolition prisoner of the General Government at Milwaukee, although the request was this time made on the very plausible ground that the government had no right to make a special dungeon for him under the Custom House; while a more wholesome cell in the county jail was to be had. Judge Cole was for granting the writ; Judge Dixon was opposed to it; and Judge Paine, holding the balance of power, declined to use it, as heretofore, out of delicacy, he having been Booth's counsel before his election to the bench.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt publishes a card giving information in regard to the distribution of the fund raised for the benefit of the family of John Brown. The whole sum raised in this country was $6,150. Of this amount $2,600 was obtained by the sale of photographs of John Brown. The remainder was derived from the sale of Redpath's Life of John Brown, and contributions paid to Wendell Phillips and others. To Mrs. Brown and her three children was given the sum of $2,251; John Brown, jr., received 1,000; widow of Watson Brown, $800; widow of Wm. Thompson, $500, and other members of the family received sums varying from $400 to $200 each.

I forgot to say, in writing about commencement, that Henry George Spaulding, of Brattleboro, who delivered the closing oration, made a very complimentary allusion to Charles Sumner, who sat upon the platform. There were a few hisses, which were instantly squelched by a storm of applause. I am told that Mr. Everett, who sat near Mr. Sumner, took the compliment to himself at first, and was not undeceived until the speaker made an allusion to the barbarism of slavery. But I do not credit this, for Spaulding had previously eulogized Theodore Parker, and Mr. Everett must have suspected that he was one of those bad and wicked creatures, a "radical." How sad that Harvard should send out young men of such principles! Well may we tremble for our country! I can write no more!—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

MORE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.—Charles Doy, son of Dr. Doy, of Kansas, recently lynched for alleged horse stealing, the Rochester, N. Y., *Express* says, "was in reality the victim of pro-slavery hate and vengeance. Like his father, he was a man of distinguished bravery, impatient of wrong, ready in his resources, and fearless in his measures of resistance and redress. While he defied danger like a hero, he endured suffering with the fortitude of a martyr. His private character was irreproachable. He was modest in his demeanor, strong in his attachments, generous, self-sacrificing in behalf of his principles and his friends. Death was the binding seal of the qualities of which his life was the witness."

THE LAST KIDNAPPING CASE.—An advertisement in the Jonesboro *Gazette* brings to our notice the last kidnapping case in Egypt. It announces that a colored man "weighing 190 pounds" is in the custody of the *postmaster* of Dongola, Union County, Ill. The said negro is embellished with cuts which may have been made with a knife or whip, and several gunshot wounds adorn his person—the latest one having been inflicted by his captor, the postmaster aforesaid! The advertisement states that he was apprehended by Mr. Postmaster and carried to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, for the purpose of finding his "owner," but no person appearing to claim him he was brought back to Dongola. While on the way to the latter place he attempted to escape from his captor, but was brought to by the prompt use of a *shot gun!—Chicago Press and Tribune, July* 19.

ONE HUNDRED NEGROES LIBERATED.—The Hadell (N. C.) *Express* states that the case of Solomon Hall's will occupied the Supreme Court of that County eight days, and was finally compromised after the jury had retired. Mr. Hall had made a will leaving one hundred negroes and other property to his only child, a daughter, who afterwards married Mr. Neely against his wish, whereupon he made another will, leaving his negroes free, and leaving most of his property to them. The suit was to set aside the last will. An hour after the case had gone to the jury, Mrs. Neely proposed to receive $13,000 and $2,000 which the will gives her, the estate to pay the Court costs, $800. She is to pay her own lawyer $5,000. The proposition was adopted. The negroes will be sent to Liberia. The jury stood nine against and three for the will; but it is said the judge would have set aside the verdict if it had been against the will.

TREATMENT OF SHERMAN M. BOOTH.—His room has two windows, one of which is kept closed with tight infolding shutters day and night, and the other allowed to be open but a little way, even in the hottest weather, and is closed with iron shutters at night, and not opened until the sun is from one hour to one hour and a half high in the morning, though Mr. Booth has asked again and again to have it opened early in the morning, that he might get fresh air. He is denied all writing materials, the reading of such newspapers as displease the Marshal and as Mr. Booth wishes to see, and no communications can be sent to Mr. Booth unless they first pass his inspection. Mr. Booth's own father, nearly 70 years old, who had made a long journey for the purpose of visiting him, was not allowed to see him; his brother and sister, in this city, are not allowed to visit him, and his wife only once a week.—*Milwaukee Free Dem.*

LIBERATED SLAVES IN FALL RIVER.—On Tuesday noon, we saw a black man of the age of 43, and a bright little black girl of but 5 years, both of whom had come from Wilmington, N. C., that morning in a lumber vessel. These two in connection with 11 others, were the property of a gentleman just deceased, who had left them, by will, to relatives living at the North. As we understand the matter, the man and girl were left to Willard Gray, of Little Compton, who refused to sell them, while the other heirs, who reside in New Bedford, sold those belonging to them. (Can these New Bedford men be Rpublicans?) As for ourselves, Buchanan and Douglas Democrat as we are, we were really glad to see the two slaves enjoying their freedom. We are glad to see Dea. French interested in their behalf, and are not sorry to learn that Andrew Robeson, of New Bedford, is willing to draw his purse for their benefit if need be.—*Fall River Journal.*

SECRET ABOLITION SOCIETY OF ALABAMA.—*The Mobile Mercury* of the 19th ult., contains the following allusion to the suspected existence of a secret Abolition Society in Choctaw County, Ala.:

We have been hearing rumors for several days of the discovery of a secret organization existing in the Southern portion of Choctaw County, suspected of having Abolition tendencies, which was creatinng some excitement. We have been placed in possession of facts which leave no doubt of an organization in that region, which is, in some sort, inimical to the institution of slavery. It is headed by a preacher, who is at the same time a doctor, and has existed some three years, and gathered within its folds over a hundred members, all pledged against fighting to protect the rights of rich men. It purports to be some sort of poor man's organization, and the pledge above mentioned is believed to be intended to have special reference to slave property. The ringleader is suspected of being an Abolitionist, and has inveigled a number of honest and true Southern men to commit themselves to what some of them have repudiated when they came to see the real drift of it. An investigation has been had by a committee of citizens, but no sufficient proof elicited to warrant summary dealing with suspected parties. There is something in the rumor more than we have been able to arrive at, but we shall get the particulars soon.

Advertisements.

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A few facts from the record of patriotic services of the colored men of New York during the wars of 1776 and 1812, with a compendium of their present business and property statistics. Compiled by William C. Nell, author of "Colored Patriots of the American Revolution." Price 10 cents each; 15 copies for one dollar. Send orders, accompanied with the cash, to THOMAS HAMILTON, 48, or to WM. H. LEONARD, 5, Beekman street, New York.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Send to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, six 3 cent stamps, and receive by mail, post paid, the Proceedings of the Eighth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Pa. Or call and buy the pamphlet for 15 cents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Proceedings of the Tenth National Woman's Rights Convention, held in New York, May, 1860. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York; price 25 cents.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE POET'S SINGING.

In heat and in cold, in sunshine and rain,
Bewailing its loss and boasting its gain,
Blessing its pleasure and cursing its pain,
The hurrying world goes up and down:
Every avenue and street
Of city and town
Are veins that throb with the restless beat
Of the eager multitude's trampling feet.
Men wrangle together to get and hold—
A sceptre of power or a crock of gold;
Blaspheming God's name with the breath he gave,
And plotting revenge on the brink of the grave!
And Fashion's followers, flitting after,
O'ertake and pass the funeral train,
Thoughtlessly scattering jests and laughter,
Like sharp, quick showers of hail and rain,
To beat on the hearts that are bleeding with pain!
And many who stare at the close-shut hearse
Envy the dead within—or, worse,
Turn away with a keener zest,
To grapple, and revel, and sin with the rest!
While far apart in a bower of green,
Unheeded, unseen,
A warbling bird on the topmost bough
Merrily pipes to the Poet below,
Asking an answer as gay, I trow!
But he hears the surging waves without—
The heartless jeer, and the wild, wild shout:
The ceaseless clamor, the cruel strife
Make the Poet weary of life:
And tears of pity and tears of pain
Ebb and flow in every strain,
As he soothes his heart with singing.

The tide of humanity rolleth on:
And 'mid faces miserly, haggard, and wan,
Between the hypocrite's and the knave's,
The hapless idiot's and the slave's,
Sweet children smile in their nurses' arms,
And clap their hands in innocent glee:
While, unrebuked by the heavenly charms
That beam in the eyes of infancy,
Oaths still blacken the lips of men,
And startle the ears of womanhood!
On either hand
The churches stand,
Forgotten by those who yesterday
Went thronging thither to praise and pray,
And take of the Holy Body and Blood!
Their week-day creed is the law of Might:
Self is their idol, and Gain their right:
Though, now and then,
God sees some faithful disciples still
Breasting the current to do His will.
The little bird on the topmost bough
Merrily pipes to the Poet below,
Asking an answer as gay, I trow!
But he hears the surging waves without—
The atheist's scoff and the infidel's doubt,
The Pharisee's cant and the sweet saint's prayer,
And the piercing cry for rest from care:
And tears of pity and tears of pain
Ebb and flow in every strain,
As he praises God with singing.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HARRIET HOSMER.

Correspondence of The Chicago Press and Tribune.

Boston, June 29, 1860.

Harriet Hosmer has just had an order from some gentlemen of St. Louis for a bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton, for which she is to have $10,000. She is now engaged on a monument ordered by Mr. Crow of St. Louis. It has been designed by Miss Hosmer, and the drawing promises a work of great beauty and power. The Saviour is represented extending his hand to raise a young girl who reclines at his feet. The figure of the Saviour is to be nine feet high, and the conception of his person evinces rare genius in the artist. Those who have supposed that Miss Hosmer, with all her fine powers of execution and her exquisite conception of lighter subjects, would lack the power to design a representation of those loftier types of character which illumine with unapproachable glory the highest productions of art, will be happily disappointed when they see this great work. They will hardly need to read the inscription below, "I am the resurrection and the life." Miss Hosmer returns from Rome to take care of her father, Dr. Hosmer, and just now she has interrupted her work to execute his bust. This young woman's energy is illustrated by the fact that when she heard of her father's illness she made the journey from Rome to Boston in seventeen days—the shortest time ever made. At Rome she has been the pupil and friend of John Gibson, the greatest of living English sculptors. All her life she has done brave work, sometimes audacious but never unworthy; and when she presented herself in Rome, where a great prejudice exists against lazy lady pretenders—not without reason, too—she won her coveted place in the studio of Gibson solely by the evidence which her work and her wishes gave that she both could and would achieve a success alike honorable to herself, her art and her master. Mr. Gibson's prophetic expectations have been more than fulfilled. From the first he expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, and upon one occasion he said that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled. A bust of Daphne, a lovely bust of the beautiful Medusa, a statue of Œnone, for Mr. Crow of St. Louis, and a statue of Beatrice Cenci, for the public library of St. Louis, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and won golden opinions from eminent critics, were her earliest productions. When her father's financial reverses deprived her of the aid which he had so gladly given, just as she was starting for England to escape the dangers of a summer in Rome, she gave up the contemplated journey, sold her fine horse and expensive English saddle, remained in Rome to model her famous statue of Puck—a work all spirit, originality and fun—and in six months achieved an independence. Since that time she has met with distinguished success. A monument for the Church of San Andreo delle Fratte, at Rome, a fountain of original design, and a statue of Zenobia, larger than life, are the later efforts of her genius. Harriet Hosmer is but twenty-nine, a native of Watertown, near Boston, a woman of no ordinary worth, and an artist of great achievements and greater promise; and she will make us all more proud of her as she continues the career which her courage and faithfulness and extraordinary genius have so successfully inaugurated.

EUROPE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

As one views Europe through contemporary books of travel, in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burnt cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage, floundering through the ruts, as he swears at the postillions and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust, or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the court, and the trim gardens and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles; and 'tis time the court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pollnitz, or the Count de Konigsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince and the gracious princess; and is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace window beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry, ploughing stony fields with starved cattle, or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox—and eat one, almost; his mistress, Aurora von Konigsmarck, is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eyeing Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars, and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant, his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English Guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old king, and Villars, his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the Treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights, communities laid waste; faith, justice, commerce trampled upon and well nigh destroyed—nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

CONTRASTS.

Guests, at a nobleman's board,
Drink to the bridal morrow;
While, at the breast of the lord
Rankles a barb of sorrow.

Hark to the pitiful wail!
"That woman, my lord, without:
They are taking her off to the jail."
"Merely a beggar, no doubt."

"What a singular sighing sound!"
Says one of the great, at the table.
"John, have you looked to the hound?
Make him a bed in the stable."

Over those steps again,
Entered a bride in the morn,
Followed by powder'd men,
Stiff, and stately, and shorn.

Out of a prison den
Issued a wretch that morn,
Follow'd by brutal men,
Eager to see and scorn.

"Quick! or we'll miss the marriage,
Yonder in Hanover Square.
They are off in a splendid carriage:
Faith, they're a splendid pair!"

A birth in a chamber great:
A birth in a hospital ward:
One in sorrow; one in state;
Both the sons of a lord.

Doctors around her bed;
Nurses and friends beside.
Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud:
Mention her name no more:
Though she was silent and proud,
She was plebeian and poor.

The charity brat she bore,
Yes! let him grow up in the crowd,
Cringe at the nobleman's door.
Cover her face with the shroud:
Mention her name no more!

Send the young heir to college
To swim with the wealthy tide;
Probing the depths of knowledge,
Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
Will hold his horse for a crust;
And neither can tell the other
Their kinship in common dust.

J. F. F.

—*Once a Week.*

TRADE IN DIAMONDS.

Known from very early times, the diamond has always retained for itself the principal place among jewels. Still, in the East, a superstitious feeling attaches itself to this stone, about which innumerable fables have, in various ages, been current. The Orientals believe that certain diamonds shine in the dark, so as to be used by solitary students for lamps; and at Bagdad, they say, in the reign of Haroun al Raschid, a youth was discovered in an oratory reading the Koran by the light of a diamond as large as a hen's egg. With respect to size, the exaggeration is not very great, since the stone found at Koloor fell little short, before it was cut and polished, of the dimensions attributed to the Bagdad stone by the imagination of the Arabs.

The trade in diamonds, though often highly lucrative, did not form a separate branch of commerce till a comparatively recent date, and, even now, is seldom entirely detached from the traffic in other gems; yet it demands so much skill, acuteness, and experience, that those only achieve great success who devote themselves exclusively to this department of trade. Its profitableness, however, depends much on fashion, on accidental variations in public taste, and on fluctuations in the supply, regulated by no law, and therefore not to be foreseen or guarded against. Where these glittering vanities will turn up, science is unable to determine. They are found in mountains and on plains, in ploughed fields and in marshes, in India, in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Brazil. Sometimes there is a scarcity of them, at other times a glut; but whether scarce or plentiful, there has never since their discovery been a period during which they have not constituted a favorite article of regal and imperial magnificence, and been thought to lend additional splendor to beauty itself.

Throughout the East, queens and princesses never consider themselves properly apparelled unless they have a blaze of diamonds about their waists, ornaments of the same gems flashing between the tresses of their raven hair, and descending in festoons upon their bosoms. Sultans and chiefs also aim at producing effect upon their subjects by decorating their persons after the same fashion, and studding the hilts and scabbards of their poniards and sabres with jewels. In Europe the same taste, a little modified, prevails. Men do not consider it effeminate or ridiculous to wear diamond rings, while women are often vainer of these brilliants than of their own personal charms. The wife of an English ambassador appeared, not very long ago, at the French court with a million's worth of jewels on her dress, so that, as she moved beneath the vast chandeliers of the Tuilleries, she looked like a personification of the mines of Golconda. Most persons will remember what marvels have been wrought by diamond necklaces, and how the fate of thrones and the destinies of whole nations have been influenced by one woman's passion for these adornments. Once, at Calcutta, a curious substitute for diamonds was used by a lady at the Governor-General's ball. She caught a number of fireflies, and stitched them to her dress in diminutive bags of gauze. The effect was striking beyond conception. As she moved, the flies shot forth their light, so that the side of her dress which was turned from the chandelier seemed to be spotted with fire.

With the changing phases of civilization, all kinds of jewels rise or fall in public esteem. The diamond seems to have exerted its greatest influence during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the belief in its mysterious properties was still rife throughout Christendom. Merchants then travelled over the whole East, exposing themselves to every kind of peril, and enduring hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue, to collect these glittering spoils of the earth, by dealing in which they amassed princely fortunes, purchased immense estates, and founded powerful families. Accident occasionally came to the aid of their skill and intrepidity. Amid the ruins, for example, of Constantinople, a poor boy picked up a diamond which he sold to a janizary for four pence; the soldier, in his turn, disposed of it to some one else for a few shillings; and thus the jewel proceeded from hand to hand, until, for a comparatively small sum, it became the property of a merchant, who obtained for it, from Sultan Mourad II., the sum of a hundred thousand crowns. So, again, in India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plough, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones. Stopping his oxen, he picked it up, and, though he understood nothing of gems, immediately, with the quickness of an Oriental, persuaded himself he had found a prize. Abandoning his plough, therefore, and wrapping up the pebble in a rag, he walked, barefoot, a distance of forty miles, to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it is not stated, but it was sufficient to enrich both himself and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurungzebe. From him it passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sikh ruler of the Punjaub, and became, by victory, the property of the East India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen; and under the name of Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, it was beheld by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

When a diamond merchant travelled Eastward from Europe, wherever he made known his destination, princes and grandees were sure to intrust him with fresh orders, particularly in Turkey and Persia. Before he reached India, therefore, his commissions were often so numerous that he had much difficulty, even in the mart of Golconda, to find gems sufficient to supply the demands of his customers. The great traveller, Tavernier, may be looked upon as a fair representative of the diamond dealers of his age. Being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who extended the sphere of his operations considerably beyond the limits of commerce, he was often consulted by the most powerful princes, whose understandings, however, were not always commensurate with their riches and authority. Of a conversation which he once had with a Shah of Persia he has left a minute and curious account, but, as it did not turn on the diamond trade, it would be beside our purpose to repeat it. When he made known his intention of visiting the Indian mines, most of those with whom he conversed sought to dissuade him from realizing his design, by representing them as encircled by every kind of danger, malaria of the most deadly kind, forests infested by wild beasts, and tribes of men surpassing the worst of these in ferocity. But the traveller, confiding in his own experience, despised all their warnings. He had invariably found perils, vast and threatening at a distance, diminish as he approached, especially where he had to deal with men, who might generally be conciliated by fair words and the act of putting confidence in them.

The condition of the Deccan, it must be owned, was far better then than it has been since. At the present day it would hardly be safe for a merchant with large bags of gold to travel from the coast of Malabar, through the gorges of the Western Ghauts, to Bejapore and Golconda, since he would be nearly certain to encounter predatory bands of Arabs, breaking away, perhaps, from the service of the Nizam, or on the way to offer to His Highness the use of their swords. Thugs, Phansigurs, Dakoits, and other robbers, in spite of the police organized by the English, might likewise have something to say to his treasures and to his throat. But in those days of Mogul supremacy, when the sceptre of Delhi was stretched with more or less vigor all over India, the adventurous diamond merchant landed at Surat, familiar to all readers of the Arabian Nights, and made his way without let or hindrance to Golconda. There, under the charge of an apothecary, he left a large portion of his wealth, and with the remainder proceeded to the mines.

Nearly all the old writers describe the scene of their operations in a vague and unsatisfactory manner, which imparts an air of romance to their accounts, but compels us to have recourse to more modern authorities when we would acquire precise information. The diamond mines of India are chiefly situated between the Kistnah and Pennar rivers, and many of them cluster about both banks of the latter stream. The gems are found in the alluvial soil, or in rocks of the most recent formation, in lands not greatly elevated above the level of the sea. Not far distant, however, are ranges of hills about a thousand feet in height, in one of which the Pennar rises, and, after forcing its way through a gap in the other, flows through a channel alternately soft and rocky, through the district of Nellore. The search for diamonds still goes on as of old; the speculators farm from the government plots of ground, more or less extensive, which they enclose with a low fence, within which they carry on their operations. Large gems are rarely found, but when they do turn up, a third of their value is claimed by the government, which is, therefore, far more grasping and oppressive than in the seventeenth century, when it was satisfied with a duty of 2 per cent. from the seller and buyer. The enthusiasm which once animated this branch of industry has almost entirely died away. The work is carried on languidly both here and at Sumbhulpore on the Mahanuddy, where 60,000 men, women, and children, were once beheld diffused like swarms of bees over the plain, digging, washing, sorting, or bearing bags of jewels in the matrix to the offices of the overseers. Smaller diamonds are discovered by their sparkle amid the gravel, which shows that they are only fragments of larger stones, broken by accident; because, when entire, they are wrapped up in a crust, polished and shining indeed, like pebbles on the sea shore, but disclosing no other symptoms of the brilliance within.

Nothing like a philosophical history of precious stones has yet been written. We know nothing of the chemical process by which nature forms them, nothing of the materials of which they are composed, for all that has been discovered by experiment amounts to this, that the diamond may be destroyed by immense heat. Practically, it is observed that it acquires certain peculiarities from the nature of the soil in which it is found. When perfect, it exactly resembles so much pure water, congealed by nature's chemistry, and rendered harder than the hardest metal. When its interior is exposed, by polishing, to the light, the rays of the sun descend into its depths, and, playing and wandering there, are reflected, refracted, and intermingled, so as to produce an almost supernatural blaze of splendor. From this unclouded brilliance, the diamond passes through a thousand intermediate changes to absolute black, when it presents the appearance of translucent ebony. Occasionally, when it has been steeped for thousands of years in a morass, it assumes the hues of the beryl or of the topaz, or even of a very pale sapphire. The last is least in esteem among the merchants, who detect its lurking blue by examining it under the thick foliage of a tree. In Europe, lapidaries study the water of the diamond in broad daylight; but the Hindoos, for this purpose, prefer the night. Placing a powerful lamp in a square opening in a wall, they stand before it, and hold up the diamond between the finger and thumb against the stream of light, which enables them to detect the minutest flaw in its interior.

When the trade was at its height, a merchant arriving from foreign countries was waited on by the Governor, who explained the rules in conformity with which business was carried on in the place; he then, if the stranger consented, took all the money he had brought with him into his keeping, and bound himself to answer for its safety to the smallest fraction; but both Mohammedan and Hindoo dealers were so addicted to the practice of fraud, that the government found itself under the necessity of keeping the strictest possible watch upon them. A secret war, indeed, was always carried on between the rulers and the merchants—the former seeking to obtain their share of all profits made; the latter, to elude their demands. In Tavernier's case, four inferior officers were granted him, nominally as a guard of honor, but, in fact, as spies upon his proceedings, for, having never been accustomed to honesty, the worthy Governor found himself under the necessity of suspecting and watching everybody. But Hindoo craft easily outgeneralled the heavy wits of the Moslems. One day, as the traveller was seated enjoying himself in the midst of his guards, a native merchant approached, dressed in mean attire, and displaying every external token of poverty; but, accustomed to the devices of the Hindoos, the European took no notice of this fact, and invited the Banian to sit down beside him. He was, of course, a dealer in precious stones, though, apprehensive of the rapacity of the government, or preferring mystery before open dealing, he would not enter upon business in presence of the Mohammedan guards. He had, however, timed his visit well; the hour of prayer approached, when these disciples of Mohammed would, he conjectured, in spite of all earthly considerations, depart to repeat their orisons in the mosque. As soon as the muezzin's voice was heard from a neighboring minaret summoning the faithful to their devotions, three of the four spies attended to the call; but the fourth, having the fear of the Governor before his eyes, remained to observe the dealings of the Frank and the Hindoo. Tavernier, however, was not to be so disappointed; pretending to be without bread, he despatched the Moslem to the town in search of some, and was thus at liberty to converse on business with the Banian.

The Hindoo, now unrolling his long dark hair, drew forth from among its plaits a diamond of so rare a lustre that the traveller was struck with extraordinary admiration. It weighed nearly fifty carats, and its pure transparency appeared to be without flaw; but the money he had with him fell greatly short of the price of so precious a jewel, though he could not restrain himself from gazing at its beauty. "Do not waste your time," said the Hindoo, "but meet me in the evening outside the city walls; bring a sufficient sum along with you, and the diamond shall be yours." At the time appointed, just as the shades of evening were thickening into night, the merchant, without attendant or witness, repaired to the place of meeting, and the dealer, being true to his word, brought along with him the gem, which Tavernier afterwards sold to a Dutch officer on the Malabar coast for what he called an honest profit, which, in all likelihood, was considerable.

The quickness and penetration of the diamond dealers of Golconda, which invariably excite the astonishment of strangers, may easily be accounted for by the nature of their business education. At the age of six years, the sons of the dealers commence their studies; not in schools or colleges, but on the public mart. The boys are formed into a sort of guild, at the head of which is the senior of the company. They are each furnished with a bag of gold and a pair of scales; and, thus equipped, they seat themselves crosslegged in a circle, and await in silence the coming of the sellers. When a person with any precious stone presents himself, he delivers it to the head of the guild, who, after due deliberation, hands it to the boy next to him in age, and he to the next, until it has made the circuit of the whole body. It is supposed that, by some touch of the hand, given while passing on the gem, the boys intimate to each other their favorable or unfavorable opinion, for not a word is spoken or a look exchanged, as far as the keenest observer can perceive. The diamond is then weighed, and either bought or rejected. Every day they make up their accounts, and divide the profits equally among them all, save that one quarter per cent. is given in addition to the eldest boy. If, however, he should be unlucky enough to make a bad bargain, the entire loss falls upon him. But so great, as a rule, is their skill, that any member of the guild will, in case of pressure, take, at its full price, the purchase of any other without the least examination.

Much the same system is pursued by the older dealers, except that they affect greater mystery. It has been already stated that a percentage of the gains made by the dealers is paid to the government; and as Eastern rulers are often unscrupulous in all transactions with their subjects, the latter have recourse to the most subtle craft in self-defence. This fact will satisfactorily account for the following mystical method of buying and selling. The nature of the article to be transferred and the denomination of the coin being understood, the seller spreads out the end of his waist-shawl, and places his hand beneath it; the buyer immediately introduces his hand likewise, and the pantomime commences. The use of language on these occasions is entirely abjured, so that, on the exchange of Golconda, millions may pass from man to man in absolute silence. Two or three hundred merchants, perhaps, seated in couples upon the floor, are engaged in making bargains, which, taken altogether, would represent the wealth of whole kingdoms. When the buyer offers a thousand pagodas, he grasps the entire hand of a seller, and for every thousand gives a separate pressure. If he grasps the fingers only, he means five hundred; one finger, one hundred; from the middle joint, fifty; from the lower, ten. There are masonic tokens for smaller sums, but these seem to have escaped detection. It is obviously practicable for persons who do business after this fashion to estimate their own income-tax in defiance of the government myrmidons, and thus the most opulent of the Hindoos are able to conceal the amount of their riches, and the extent of the transactions they carry on.

Most Asiatics entertain peculiar notions respecting silence, and it was from them, unquestionably, that Pythagoras learned to associate disuse of the tongue with the study of wisdom. At the Borneo diamond mines there is a superstition connected with this subject which may be worth mentioning. The persons employed in the washings are enjoined to abstain at least from loud talking, lest they should offend the presiding spirit of the mines, who, in revenge for the disturbance of his repose, might frustrate their search after the riches he dispenses to mortals. Yet all sounds are not displeasing to him; with the voice of a woman's singing his ear is charmed; and if, in addition to a sweet voice, she happen to possess a beautiful countenance, he pours the jewels without stint into her lap.

A complete revolution was brought about in the diamond trade, in 1844, by the discovery of the mines of Sincura, in Brazil. For ages it had been known that the diamond was produced in that empire, whence the king of Portugal obtained the gem long regarded as the finest in the world. But, in the year above mentioned, accident threw open to the enterprise of the Brazilians what may be denominated the great diamond fields, which have been, not unaptly, compared to the valley of Sindebad, and the jewelled gardens of Aladdin. All the social phenomena since witnessed at the diggings of California and Australia were then exhibited at Sincura. The sugar growers deserted their works, the merchants their counting houses, sailors their vessels, and even effeminate gentlemen their pleasures, and rushed to the diamond mines, where, for a while, they picked up jewels by handfuls. This new source of wealth was discovered by a slave, who, having collected gems of immense value, travelled a great distance to dispose of them. The avarice of the authorities being thus excited, the slave was seized and thrown into prison, where means—none of the gentlest, we may be sure—were employed to compel him to disclose the site of his discovery. But the obstinacy of the African proved more than an equal match for the cruelty of the Brazilians, though not for their cunning. His escape was purposely connived at, but several Indians were put upon his trail, and these, following him like bloodhounds, night and day, at length beheld him rooting up for diamonds at the foot of the Sincura mountains.

What became of the black finder is not stated; but no sooner had it been ascertained that the precious stones really existed there in great abundance than the population of the province multiplied as if by miracle—swelling in a few months from 8,000 to 30,000. To the credit of the government, freedom of search was granted to all comers, which, at the outset, induced the most fearful desperadoes, robbers and murderers to engage in the operation. No police existed, provisions were scarce and difficult to be procured, and violence and assassination became common incidents. By degrees, however, a regular police was established, and a certain amount of order introduced, after which the business was conducted in something like a civilized fashion.

Three-fourths of the early exports from Sincura found their way to England, the remainder was distributed through France and Germany, and employed all the lapidaries in Europe for several years. But however abundant may be the mines, the Brazilian gems are inferior in lustre, as well as in dimensions, to the Oriental. Those of Paraguaçu are of a dun color, while such as are found at Lancoes are white or pale green, which are most highly valued in commerce. The flooding of the market occasioned by this discovery diminished, as might have been expected, the value of diamonds, which, in a few years, sunk 25 or 30 per cent. The chemical experiments, moreover, which have lately been made in all parts of Europe, have deprived this gem of its title to be considered adamantine—incapable of being subdued by the force of the elements. Innumerable experiments, however, have now shown that a degree of heat, insufficient even to affect the polish of the ruby, will reduce the diamond to white ashes. But, though more indestructible, all rubescent gems are inferior to the diamond in beauty. In this quality it still surpasses every species of jewel, not even excepting the opal, which sometimes throws forth a wilderness of brilliant colors in the light. It has been found, in the East, that burning in a moderate fire improves the water of the diamond, and changes its hues from dusky green or beryl yellow to transparent white.

In cutting and polishing these stones, very different processes are followed in different countries. In some a number of small facets are preferred; whilst in others the lapidaries aim at producing longitudinal flat surfaces, which permit the rays of light to pass undisturbed into the interior of the gem, where they are met by the rays entering through other faces, and create a commingling of brilliance which appears to kindle before the eye. The objection to this latter mode of cutting is that it greatly diminishes the weight of the stone, though it undoubtedly gains in splendor what it loses in dimensions. An anecdote is somewhere related of a Venetian lapidary who, having been employed by a prince to cut and polish a diamond, presented it to him so diminished in size that he ordered him to be put to death. Calculating upon the possibility of such a result, the Venetian had only cut a model in glass, and carried the real diamond in his pocket. This, therefore, he produced to calm the prince's rage; but immediately, by reasoning and argument, convinced him that the jewel, if reduced according to his model, would be worth far more than in the rough state. He was therefore commissioned to do, with the owner's consent, what, had he done it previously, would have cost him his life. Many years afterwards, he used to point jocularly to his wife's necklace, saying: "There is what my head was thought to be worth by a king!"—*Chambers's Journal.*

A VIEW FROM THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

First, and lying at our very feet, is Cairo itself, the city of the Caliphs, with its countless minarets, its crowded mass of buildings, and intersecting streets in the centre; its gay white palaces embowered in palm groves, stretching away out into the suburbs, and covering altogether an area of many miles. We are standing at the southern extremity of the city, on one of the last and lowest spurs of the long range of the Mokattam Hills, which, running nearly due south from Cairo, forms the great wall that bounds on the east, from this point upwards, the valley of the Nile. On this southern side of the city, we are on the very verge of the desert, which begins close beside us, at the north end of the Mokattam Hills, and reaches on, unbroken, in a south-easterly direction, to the shores of the Red Sea. Turning to the north, and looking across the city, which slopes away down from the citadel, and spreads out on the level plain below, we have a vast expanse of rich cultivated land, extending far farther than the eye can reach. North-east from the city lies the Goshen assigned to ancient Israel, still clothed with an exuberant vegetation. In the same direction, and not more than six or seven miles from Cairo, the eye lights on the spot where stood of old that On or Heliopolis, the far-famed city of the sun, the daughter of whose high-priest became the wife of Joseph. Some traces of the temple still remain. There is a pool of water with a few willows drooping over it; that pool was the spring or fountain of the sun. There is a solitary obelisk rising amid ruins, and surrounded by garden shrubs that have been growing wild for ages. That obelisk, and another, the base of which alone remain, confronted the ancient temple of On; and there it has stood for well nigh four thousand years. It was there when Abraham came down into Egypt, to escape the famine that desolated Canaan. It may have been beneath its shadow that Joseph first beheld his future wife, Asenath, the daughter of the high-priest. Often must Moses have stood beside it, when, at a later time, another high-priest of the same temple became his teacher in all the wisdom of Egypt. Herodotus, the father of history, makes mention of its existence; so that it was already old before any other history than that which the Bible contains had yet been written. Plato, the greatest of the sages of ancient Greece, made a pilgrimage to see it. It has outlived the dynasties of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and the Cæsars, and bids fair to survive that of the Mohammeds too. Who can tell whether it may not yet witness the rise of another Heliopolis—the temple of a better sun, even of the Sun of Righteousness—whom even Egypt shall yet know and reverence as the true Light of the world!

And now let us turn to the west. It is the valley of the Nile that lies before us; and it is here, properly speaking, the valley may be said to begin. From Cairo upwards, Egypt is confined to the hollow down which the Nile flows, between the Mokattam and Libyan Hills—a strip of the finest verdure running through the midst of a sterile wilderness. At Cairo the Mokattam range, the eastern boundary of this long valley, sinks down to the plain. On the western or opposite side of the valley, the Libyan range begins here also to recede farther from the river. Below Cairo the country, in consequence, opens out into the broad expanse of the Delta, which is inclosed and fertilized by the two main streams into which the Nile divides. At the point, therefore, where we are now standing, we are looking, so to speak, across the mouth of the valley. Higher up the country, the hills by which the valley is hemmed in approach in many places almost to the very margin of the stream, but here the space between them is not less than ten or twelve miles. The whole extent of this broad basin is clothed with the richest vegetation. Down through it, at the distance of three or four miles west from Cairo, we see the Nile gliding majestically along, watering the soil, which, in the course of ages, itself has brought down, and giving birth to all the fertility and fruitfulness which belong to the land of Egypt. On its farther or western side, the eye rests on a palm forest which stretches away southwards along the river for many miles. A short way beyond that forest, stood the great city of Memphis—Milton's "populous No"—one of the great capitals of ancient Egypt, and the residence of the Pharaohs at the time of the Hebrew exodus. From that city, "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry" went forth in pursuit of Israel, and perished in the Red Sea. The city must have occupied a great part of the entire space from the banks of the river to the base of the Libyan Hills. In the face of these low limestone hills, over which, from the dreary table-land to which they rise, the sands of the Libyan Desert are continually pouring down, were the great cemeteries of Memphis, the necropolis of its multitudinous population. On the brow of these hills still stand the pyramids, the gigantic tombs of its ancient kings, who were thus lifted up, even in death, above the mortal remains of the mouldering masses around them. There are four groups of these pyramids. Farthest up the Nile, those of Dashoer; next, those of Sakkara; then those of Abousir; and last, those of Ghizeh, which are nearly south-west from Cairo. The distance from the pyramids of Dashoer to those of Ghizeh is upwards of twenty miles. The last named are, by way of eminence, "the pyramids," being by far the largest and loftiest of the whole series. We were now viewing them afar off, but we had already arranged to see them nearer at hand. That same night we were to sleep beneath their shadows, and we were already impatient to be on the way.—*Buchanan's Clerical Furlough.*

MIDSUMMER.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In time their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS.

[In the Geographical Section of the British Association, a very interesting paper, by Dr. Livingstone, was read. We subjoin a few extracts.]

In the upper part of the Lower Shire, in the Highlands and in the valleys of the Lower Shire, there is a somewhat numerous population. The people generally live in villages and in hamlets near them. Each village has its own chief, and the chiefs in a given territory have a head chief, to whom they owe some sort of allegiance. The paramount chief of one portion of the Upper Shire is a woman. The sites of their villages are selected, for the most part, with judgment and good taste. A stream or spring is near, and pleasant shade-trees grow in and around the place. Nearly every village is surrounded by a thick high hedge of the poisonous euphorbia. During the greater part of the year the inhabitants could see an enemy through the hedge, while he would find it a difficult matter to see them. By shooting their already poisoned arrows through the tender branches, they get smeared with the poisonous milky juice, and inflict most painful if not fatal wounds. The constant dripping of the juice of the bruised branches prevents the enemy from attempting to force his way through the hedge, as it destroys the eyesight. The huts are larger, stronger built, with higher and more graceful roofs than any we have seen on the Zambesi. Many of the men are very intelligent looking, with high foreheads and well shaped heads. They show singular taste in the astonishingly varied styles in which their hair is arranged. Their bead necklaces are really pretty specimens of work. Many have the upper and middle as well as the lower part of the ear bored, and have from three to five rings in each ear. The hole in the lobe of the ear is large enough to admit one's finger, and some wear a piece of bamboo about an inch long in it. Brass and iron bracelets, elaborately figured, are seen; and some of the men sport from two to eight brass rings on each finger, and even the thumbs are not spared. They wear copper, brass and iron rings on their legs and arms; many have their front teeth notched, and some file them till they resemble the teeth of a saw. The upper-lip ring of the women gives them a revolting appearance; it is universally worn in the highlands. A puncture is made high up in the lip, and it is gradually enlarged until the pelele can be inserted. Some are very large. One we measured caused the lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose; when the lady smiled, the contraction of the muscles elevated it over the eyes. "Why do the women wear these things?" the venerable chief, Chinsurdi, was asked. Evidently surprised at such a stupid question, he replied, "For beauty! They are the only beautiful things women have; men have beards, women have none. What kind of a person would she be without the pelele? She would not be a woman at all with a mouth like a man, but no beard."

They seem to be an industrious race. Iron is dug out of the hills, and every village has one or two smelting-houses; and from their own native iron they make excellent hoes, axes, spears, knives, arrow-heads, &c. They make also, round baskets of various sizes, and earthen pots, which they ornament with plumbago, said to be found in the Hill Country, though we could not learn exactly where, nor in what quantities: the only specimen we obtained was not pure. At every fishing village on the banks of the river Shire men were busy spinning buaze and making large fishing-nets from it; and from Chihisas to the Lake, in every village almost, we saw men cleaning and spinning cotton, while others were weaving it into strong cloth in looms of the simplest construction, all the processes being excessively slow. This is a great cotton-growing country. The cotton is of two kinds, "Tonji manga," or foreign cotton, and "Tonji cadji," or native cotton. The former is of good quality, with a staple from three-quarters to an inch in length. It is perennial, requiring to be replanted only once in three years. The native cotton is planted every year in the highlands, is of short staple, and feels more like wool than cotton. Every family appears to own a cotton patch, which is kept clear of weeds and grass. We saw the foreign growing at the Lake and in various places for thirty miles below the cataracts on the Lower Shire. Although the native cotton requires to be planted annually in the highlands, the people prefer it, because, they say, "it makes the stronger cloth." It was remarked to a number of intelligent natives near the Shire lakelet, "you should plant plenty of cotton, and perhaps the English will come soon and buy it." "Surely the country is full of cotton," said an elderly man, who was a trader and travelled much. Our own observations convinced us of the truth of this statement. Everywhere we saw it. Cotton patches of from two to three acres were seen abreast of the cataracts during the first trip, when Lake Tamandua was discovered, though in this journey, on a different route, none were observed of more than half an acre. They usually contain about a quarter of an acre each. There are extensive tracts on the level plains of both the Lower and Upper Shire, where salt exudes from the soil. Sea island cotton might grow well there, as on these the foreign cotton becomes longer in the staple. The cotton-growers here never have their crops cut off by frosts. There are none. Both kinds of cotton require but little labor, none of that severe and killing toil requisite in the United States. The people are great cultivators of the soil, and it repays them well. They grow lassa ver in large quantities, preparing ridges for it from three to four feet wide, and about a foot high. They also raise maize, rice, two kinds of millet, beans, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, yams, ground nuts, pumpkin, tobacco, and Indian hemp. Near Lake Nyassa we saw indigo seven feet high.

Anecdote of Theodore Parker.—When, in 1852, I was preparing to leave Virginia for Cambridge, a woman belonging to my father secretly requested me to find out her husband, who had fled from a neighboring estate, several years before, and was, as she thought, in Boston. When I reached Boston, I inquired of the late Ephraim Peabody, under whose care I was in a manner placed, if he could assist me in finding this fugitive slave. "I cannot," he replied, "and I do not know any one who can, unless it be Theodore Parker." I asked him if he could introduce me to Mr. Parker. "You will need no introduction," he answered. So I went down to Mr. Parker's, told him who I was and what I wished. He rose up and went with me through all the negro quarters and the hiding places of fugitives in the city. Then I knew, for the first time, how far the generous pulses of that great heart were felt. Every room into which we entered was hushed with reverence, as if a god had entered; tears flowed down many a dusky cheek as his hand was clasped. He said to some of them, "This is a Virginian, seeking a fugitive; but you need not be afraid of him." They replied, "You need not say that, as he is with you." As he left each humble roof which he had helped to comfort, the fervent "God bless you" which started from their hearts brought tears to my eyes; and for many days I could think of but one passage in the Bible: "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his justice was a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind, feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out. He brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."—*Moncure D. Conway's Sermon.*

The Song of the Shirt.—In the Christmas number of *Punch* appeared the famous "Song of the Shirt." It was, of course, inserted anonymously, but it ran through the land like wild-fire. Paper after paper quoted it, and it became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, although several, I believe Dickens among the number, attributed it at once to its right source. At last my father wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was certainly astonished, and a little amused, at its wonderful popularity, although my mother had said to him, when she was folding up the packet ready for the press: "Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully! It is one of the best things you ever did!" This turned out a true prophecy. It was translated into French and German; and even, I believe, into Italian. My father used often to laugh and wonder how they rendered the peculiar burden,

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!"

and also,

"Seam and gusset and band!"

It was printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs for sale, and has met with the usual fate of all popular poems, having been parodied times without number. But what delighted, and yet touched, my father most deeply was, that the poor creatures to whose sorrow and sufferings he had given such eloquent voice, seemed to adopt its words as their own, by singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation.—*Memorials of Thomas Hood.*

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